

TIME

THE WEEKLY

BARBRA
STREISAND



HENRY KOENIG

VOL. 83 NO. 15

(REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)



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FLOORBIRD (species *Montina Vinyl Corlon*), THE STRANGE RITUAL OF

The natural habitat of the Montina Vinyl Floorbird is a Montina Vinyl Corlon Floor.

On locating it, the Floorbird becomes fascinated by Montina's multitude of small, stone-like vinyl chips.

Now a strange ritual begins. The Floorbird does a silent, stately stalk, head held low. This is a prolonged search for what, to him, is the Ideal Chip.

When the Ideal Chip is found, the Floorbird summons

his fellow birds. He draws his talon across the pebbly surface of the Montina, making a "tictictic" sound.

Hearing this, other Floorbirds approach reverently. They become transfixed by the Ideal Chip, gazing into the depths of the translucent vinyl surrounding it.

Soon, the oldest Floorbird present raises its head, to appraise the nearly seamless expanse of Montina.

At this, the other birds look up, and, silently, fly away. No one has ever seen them do this.

To experience Montina's entrancing power for yourself, send for a free sample. Armstrong, 6404 Fulton Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Montina Corlon is one of the famous

Armstrong VINYL FLOORS



A Swan in the home makes it a better place to live. If it's the brand on our products. Swan garden hose, for example. Which you use to make grass grow greener. And Swan washing machine inlet hose. Which you probably never thought of until now. (See how trouble-free our hose is?) Not to mention the other Swan products you own. Such as the wheels on your lawnmower. The weather-stripping around your windows. And who do you think made the heater hose in your car? You'll find our bird there, too.

Swan is the world's largest producer of hose. And your best source for garden, industrial, agricultural and automotive hose, plus other rubber and vinyl products. For an illustrated brochure that gives you the big picture of Swan, write Swan Rubber Company, Bucyrus, Ohio.

swan
DIVISION OF
AMERACE CORPORATION



Meet the Chase Nursery Company's
president and his #1 salesman



EVERY spring Henry Chase travels 20,000 miles, reselling trees and shrubs from his wholesale nursery. It's located at Chase, Alabama, near Huntsville. The post office bears his family name.

But his top salesman (right) travels *all year*. Mr. Chase says his letterhead—printed in three colors on crisp, white Hammermill Bond—made thousands of calls in 1963, many of them on new prospects.

"Our letterhead gives us an entree with nurserymen who don't know us," says Mr. Chase. "I can't say it's produced any \$100,000 orders all by itself, but it certainly leaves a nice impression. Folks see those pink dogwood blossoms on the green back-

ground—and they remember the Chase Nursery."

Have you checked the appearance of your most-traveled salesman lately? It's easy to ask your printer (as Mr. Chase did) for a fresh letterhead design on Hammermill Bond. How about tomorrow?

HAMMERMILL
BOND

HAMMERMILL PAPER COMPANY, 1453 EAST LAKE RD., ERIE, PA. 16512

Opportunity

Give your son or grandson a gift that jumps 5 times in value at 21 with no increase in premium

Is the boy 15 or under? If so, here's an ideal opportunity to give him a substantial amount of life insurance protection for handling the grown-up responsibilities that lie ahead. It can mean real savings for him later on because, when the time comes for him to take over the payments, he's assured the low, childhood premium rate.

This is the Junior Estate Builder. For every \$1,000 of life insurance that you buy your boy now, he gets \$5,000 worth when he turns 21. Whatever his future health, he's assured this protection. Even though the value increases, the premium stays exactly the same.

Let's use a specific example. Say the boy is 8 years old.

Now take a number—a low number like \$260.60. Call it the pricetag for a \$5,000 life insurance policy, a gift from you.

Now multiply that \$5,000 by five. That same New England Life policy jumps to a \$25,000 policy when your son reaches 21, only 13 years from now. And the policy's cash value builds up to \$3,716—about \$328 more than you've paid in.

Don't touch the pricetag figure. That stays exactly the same for you to pay annually now, for him to take over later on.

Note: Insurance figures quoted are neither estimates nor guarantees but are based on our current dividend scale. These scales do change from time to time.

Now hold on to your hat. Assuming dividends are used to purchase additional protection automatically, your son's coverage will increase annually until it reaches \$53,625 when he turns 65. Just imagine what this growing amount means in terms of protection for his family over the years.

At the same time his policy's cash value will also climb. Through the years it will be a source of money to draw on if needed. The policy's potential value, when he's ready for retirement, is \$39,712—with no more premiums to pay. Compare both of these figures with the total amount paid in over 57 years: \$14,854!

...Want to know more? Let us mail you facts and figures about the Junior Estate Builder for boys (and girls) up to age 15½.

NEW ENGLAND LIFE

Dept. 2T, 501 Boylston St.
Boston, Mass. 02117

Please mail facts on the Junior Estate Builder for my child.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—ALL FORMS OF INDIVIDUAL AND GROUP LIFE INSURANCE, ANNUITIES AND PENSIONS, GROUP HEALTH COVERAGES.



General Dual Super G tires add \$536.04 per truck to Arizona trucker's profits

In Arizona, where runs are hot and high-speed, the A. J. Bayless Company dared us to prove the tremendous performance of the General Dual Super G truck tire.

They found our promises were on the level—and then some!

In one month, one unit equipped with General Dual Super G tires, used 17% less fuel and reduced cost per mile by 33%. In dollars and cents, a total monthly savings of \$44.67; a projected yearly savings of \$536.04.

And here's why. The General Dual Super G is *steeled* to

reduce drag. Two *steel* belts stabilize the tread. Two *steel* beads support radial plies of our exclusive Nygen cord, actually stronger than *steel* itself. General's Duragen rubber delivers 30% plus more original mileage. In fact, truckers like A. J. Bayless are getting better than twice the original and recap mileage of other tires.

It all adds up to a great truck tire designed for one purpose: to build profits wherever it rolls.

A. J. Bayless proved it in Arizona. You can prove it to yourself. Your General Tire dealer is the man to see!



THE SIGN OF TOMORROW...TODAY

I'll
sell



I'll
buy



I'll
sell



I'll
buy



I'll
sell



I'll
buy



Pairing you with a buyer when you're ready to sell usually takes only a matter of minutes at the New York Stock Exchange

Suppose you owned 100 shares of stock and wanted to sell it—in fact, needed to sell it.

Or suppose you felt this was precisely the right time to buy 100 shares of another stock.

If either stock were listed on the New York Stock Exchange—which lists 8 billion shares of some 1,200 companies—pairing you with buyer or seller might take just a matter of minutes. Here's how it works.

Let's say you instruct your Member Firm to sell at the market—the best price your firm's floor broker can get when your order reaches the floor of the Exchange in New York. Chances are that somewhere—next door or even half way around the world—somebody has instructed his Member Firm to buy the same stock.

Messages from the two firms go to

their brokers on the floor of the Exchange. They meet at a post where the stock is traded. There, each of the brokers tries to get the best price for his customer. A price is arrived at and the transaction is made.

Your buyer might be an individual. There are some 17,000,000 share-owners in the United States. Or a large institution which may buy or sell large blocks of stock. Or an Exchange member called a floor trader who buys and sells for himself.

Or your buyer could be an Exchange member called a specialist. Certain stocks are assigned to him. When there is an unusually large gap between what is asked for a stock and what anyone is willing to pay, the specialist is expected, within practicable limits, to narrow the gap by making a higher bid or lower offer.

This is how he may help your order to be executed quickly at a price not far from the price of the last sale.

With less than the usual 100 share unit of trading—an "odd lot"—the order at the market can normally be just as readily executed, though the procedure is different.

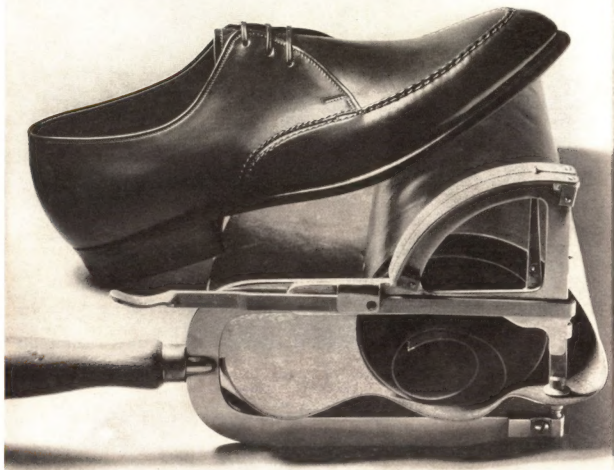
The meeting of buyers and sellers in the market place makes possible the flow of securities from one owner to another with remarkable ease. This liquidity is one of the vital services the New York Stock Exchange market provides for those who want to own their share of American business.

Members New York Stock Exchange

Own your share of American business

When in New York for the World's Fair, visit the Exchange, Broad and Wall Streets, Manhattan. See the nation's market place in action, the colorful Exhibit Hall and Little Theater. 10-3:30 Monday through Friday. Admission free.

(Featured) #5962, moccasin oxford in Dark Cherry calf with cobbler's stitch front seam. Also #5961 in Black. (L) #564, moccasin oxford in brown calf with closed seam front. Also #565 in Black. (R) #5194, moccasin oxford with new fingerweave front seam in contrasting textures of Brown calf. Also #5195 in Black. Most Bostonian styles \$19.95 to \$38.95. Also makers of Mansfield, Bostonian-Students and Lady Bostonian Genuine Moccasins. Write for name of your nearest Bostonian Dealer. Bostonian Shoes, Whitman, Mass.



The Bostonian "scale" weighs, measures...even tells fortunes

That's right, fortunes. Will the leather wind up on your foot, or on the cutting room floor? Is it the right weight for Flexaires? A Bostonian Shoe craftsman can tell with this "scale". He determines the leather's correct weight. Measures its thickness and consistency. Grades it for color and texture. All this, so you can have a perfectly matched pair of Bostonians.

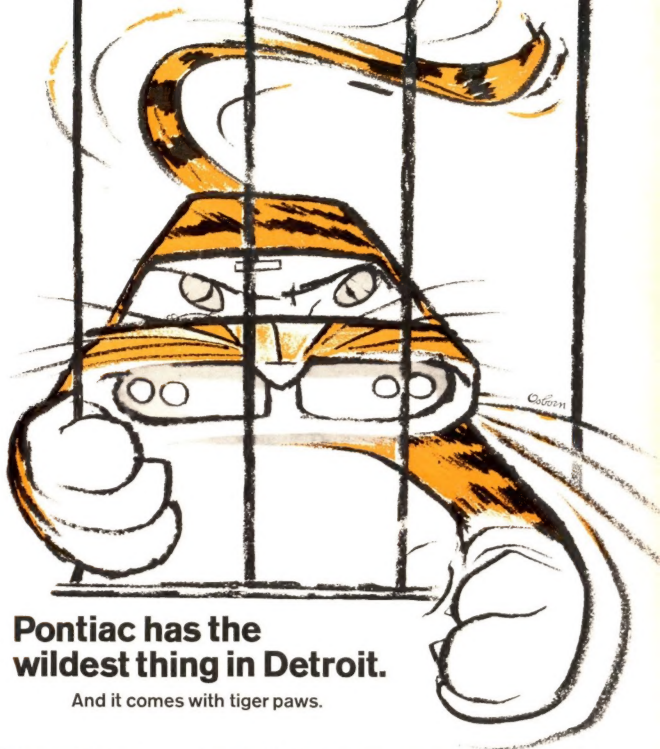
And these same rich, hand-picked leathers are "tenderized"

—the special process that makes Flexaires extra-soft and supple. Now at your Bostonian dealer's.



BOSTONIAN *Flexaires*

Every pair shows the care of the shoemaker's hand



Pontiac has the wildest thing in Detroit.

And it comes with tiger paws.

You're not surprised, are you?

To see tiger paws on a tiger.

You certainly wouldn't expect it to be sporting ordinary tires, would you?

The tiger is the new Pontiac GTO. The one that's causing all the commotion in the road and track magazines.

The tiger's paw is the U.S. Royal

Super Safety 800. Picked by Pontiac as standard equipment for the GTO.

Here's how the paws tested out, in special runs for safety and durability:

They went 100 miles at 120 miles an hour, without a failure.

They went 17,000 miles at 83 miles an hour, without a failure. (And at that

speed, tread wears out more than twice as fast as it does at fifty.)

They were sure-footed at high speeds. Responsive. Cornered beautifully.

Drive your car in to a U.S. Royal dealer and have her equipped with a set of tiger paws.

They'll bring out the beast in her.

U.S. Royal®

©1975 Rubber Tire Co. / Canada Dominion / Japan Toyo



BERMUDA

Nothing to do but enjoy yourself



Pessimists who arrive in Bermuda smile happily. From here, Cas-sandras see only a rosy future. And for the gay in heart, Bermuda is the Island they've been looking for. All-weather courts for tennis.

Four championship courses, a new par-three, two interesting nines, for golf. Pink sandy beaches for loafing. Swim, skindive, waterski in the clear blue water. Sail, fish—deepsea or surfcast. Sightsee in the 17th-century town of St. George. Shopping is special too. At night dine and dance to Calypso music or continental band. You can't help but enjoy yourself in Great Britain's loveliest Island Colony. Bermuda is only ninety minutes from New York by air, daily flights by four major airlines. Or a weekend cruise by ocean liner. See your travel agent. Write for booklet to: "BERMUDA," 620 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, New York.

TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, April 8

CBS REPORTS (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.).^{*} An hour of analysis and commentary on the political scene by Walter Lippmann.

Friday, April 10

THE TENNESSEE ERNIE FORD HOUR (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Variety special with Guests Jack Benny and Andy Williams. Color.

Saturday, April 11

THE DEFENDERS (CBS, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Guest Milton Berle in the role of a comedian who has attempted suicide and finds himself committed to an institution by his wife.

Sunday, April 12

DISCOVERY (ABC, 1-1:30 p.m.). A look at the world of microphotography and microprojection.

DIRECTIONS '64 (ABC, 1:30-2 p.m.). Drawings of the creation and the Nativity by children all over the world.

ISSUES AND ANSWERS (ABC, 2-2:30 p.m.). Guest: Michigan's Governor George Romney.

MASTERS GOLF TOURNAMENT (CBS, 4-5:30 p.m.). Finals of the four-day, 72-hole tournament in which 1963 Masters Winner Jack Nicklaus tries to defend his title.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). The life and times of New York's colorful Mayor Jimmy Walker.

WALT DISNEY'S WONDERFUL WORLD OF COLOR (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Disney's famed photographers have spent two years in Brazil's Amazon rain forest filming the habits of the jaguar. Color.

THE ED SULLIVAN SHOW (CBS, 8-9 p.m.). A full hour of the famed Moscow State Circus, taped in Minneapolis.

CARNY (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). The American carnival, a billion-dollar business involving 15,000 people and 550 different carnivals. Hostess and narrator is Fan Dancer Sally Rand. Color.

Monday, April 13

HOLLYWOOD AND THE STARS (NBC, 9:30-10 p.m.). Rita Hayworth.

56TH ANNUAL ACADEMY AWARDS (ABC, 10 p.m.—conclusion).

Tuesday, April 14

THE CAMPAIGN AND THE CANDIDATES (NBC, 11:15-11:30 p.m.). Report on the Illinois presidential primary election.

THEATER

On Broadway

ANY WEDNESDAY. Sandy (Dennis) is dandy as an executive sweetie kept in an executive suite. She appears to be crying through her smiles while playgoers laugh till they cry.

FOXY. Agile in the choreography of cowardice, Bert Lahr leers maniacally, gargles dialogue, and scurries up the scenery in this zany musical about fool's gold in the Yukon.

DYLAN. Alec Guinness as Dylan Thomas during his U.S. reading tours keeps up a marathon dance of death, pacing it with

^{*} All times E.S.T.

Tear this out and give it to someone you love.

You look a little flabby

Possibly you could stand a little slimming down (or firming up)?

Here's a suggestion: Take this coupon to your nearest bowling center.

Ask for some free instruction. Bowling is easy to learn...lots of fun...helps exercise all of your major muscles.

If you bowl regularly—plus a little sensible dieting—you just might return to your former magnificent figure.

Bowl where you see the Magic Triangle.



John Begg



was here!

Can a Scotch actually *taste* good? Ask the born-and-bred Scotch drinkers. They've been smacking their lips over John Begg for years. Suddenly this grand old name is on the tip of everybody's tongue. "A wee bit better than the best," say the poetic Scots of their treasured John Begg, whose taste is gentle, and whose price is light. **\$5.77** 4/50.

86.8 PROOF. IMPORTED BY JAMES M. McCUNN & CO., INC., N. Y.

poetry, word plays, promises—unkempt—and an inner pain that even vast quantities of liquor cannot kill.

HELLO, DOLLY! High-steps its musical way back to turn-of-the-century Manhattan. Gower Champion's dance company sets a brisk pace, but at the curtain it is a saucy saucer-eyed Carol Channing who just about steals the show.

NOBODY LOVES AN ALBATROSS, by Ronald Alexander. A hypocrite's hypocrite of a TV writer-producer, roguishly played by Robert Preston, presides over the decline and fall of practically everybody whose talent he can use and abuse.

BAREFOOT IN THE PARK. A pair of newlyweds clamber five flights to a Manhattan flat to coo, tiff, and touse in a variety of dress and undress. Playwright Neil Simon is a laugh merchant who never runs out of good lines.

Off Broadway

THE BLOOD KNOT. Playwright Atholl Fugard traps a black and white pair of half brothers in a tin shack in South Africa, which proves to be a no-exit hell for a conflict that is brisily bitter, ruefully humorous, and much more than skin deep.

AFTER THE FALL. Arthur Miller subjects himself, his mother and his wives, notably Marilyn Monroe, to a tortured overintellectualized cross-examination in this play about the end of innocence and the burden of guilt.

THE TROJAN WOMEN, directed by Michael Cacoyannis from a translation by Edith Hamilton, gives U.S. theatergoers a rare sense of the power, agony, and cyclonic passion of the Euripidean classic. It movingly depicts the fate of a handful of proud women terrifyingly caught in the tormenting clutch of war and their Greek conquerors.

IN WHITE AMERICA has as its theme the oppression of the Negro, and the reactions to this pressure—in humor, in cynicism, in anger and in sorrow—are as numerous as the dramatic sketches that recount them.

RECORDS

BORN TO BE BLUE: BOBBY TIMMONS TRIO (Riverside). Pianist Timmons has an un-failing ear for the sound of sorrow, but he colors his reports from the blue world with musical wizardry and many shades of feeling. With the understanding accompaniment of Ron Carter and the great Sam Jones on bass and Connie Kay on drums, Timmons here runs through such dark delights as *Mulice Towards None*, *Namely You and Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child*, and the result is a fascinating blues album full of bemusement and cool laughter.

TRIBUTE TO TEAGARDEN (Capitol). An essay on the art of the trombone by the late Jack Teagarden, who played with such expansive charm that his presence in any band gave it heart, soul and a degree of musicianship seldom matched in jazz. The tunes, recorded in the '50s, include such Teagarden classics as *Beale Street Blues*, *The Sheik of Araby* and *After You've Gone*.

FIRST MEETING: LIGHTNIN' HOPKINS (World-Pacific). An almost too intimate conversation between four masters of the grass-roots, deep-ground blues: Hopkins, Big Joe Williams, Brownie McGhee and Sonny Terry. The tunes are marvelous—*Ain't Nothin' Like Whisky*, *Penitentiary Blues*, *How Long Have I Been Since You've*



A. STANLEY BLACKER SPORT COAT

DACRON®/COTTON/LYCRA® is a remarkable new sport-coating that will give you more comfort and freedom than you've ever had before. The addition of "LYCRA" spandex to the stayneat qualities of "Dacron" polyester and combed cotton makes the big difference. It endows this wonderful fabric with elasticity and ease of movement. For added comfort, the coat itself is cut along relaxed lines. \$40 at Bloomingdale's Men's Store, New York, Bergen County, Fresh Meadows, New Rochelle and Stamford, or write to Stanley Blacker, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York 19, N.Y.

*DuPont's registered trademark.

GEMINI

What is the secret of Gemini? Why is Gemini today's most sought-after cigarette? Is it because of Gemini's uniquely elegant, perforated twin packet? Perhaps. Or, its extra mild, unusual tobacco? Perhaps. Or, the **CONTROLLED FILTRATION** of Gemini's **EXCLUSIVE MYRIAD-FILTRE**? Definitely not perhaps. You can discover the frank answer on the analysis statement inside the packet. Read it thoughtfully and you will enjoy smoking unique Gemini even more. 50¢ per packet, but **SORRY, NOT AVAILABLE EVERYWHERE.**



SEPARATES INTO TWO UNOBTUSIVE TWIN PACKETS. 20 CIGARETTES.

Voice courtesy: Tiffany & Co.

ADRIATIC GROUP, LTD., 37 W. 57 ST., N. Y. C.

Been Home?—and the maëtri preach to one another in song, shouts and helpless laughter.

ONE STEP BEYOND: JACKIE McLEAN (Blue Note). Alto Saxophonist McLean is several steps beyond most listeners' taste, but his musicianship is faultless, and his stratospheric imagination takes him into what may well become the future sound of jazz. Trombonist Grachan Moncur and Drummer Anthony Williams are superb sidemen.

AIN'T THAT GOOD NEWS: SAM COOKE (RCA-Victor). A rich and diverse collection of songs and styles by one of the best jazz and pop singers around. Cooke is as strongly rhythmic and rocking on *Good Times* and *Meet Me at Mr.'s Place* as he is quietly swinging on the likes of *A Chance Is Gonna Come and Home*.

HOW MY HEART SINGS! BILL EVANS TRIO (Riverside). Pianist Evans is the most decorous musician in jazz, but his rococo style never obscures his musical intent: to force the birth of a mood, however painful, whenever he plays. Here, in eight tunes recorded nearly two years ago, Evans swings with an energy he has recently lost, and the album that results is a souvenir of better days.

UNFORGETTABLE: ARETHA FRANKLIN (Columbia). In tribute to the late Dinah Washington, Blues Singer Franklin makes a courageous stab at reproducing all "The Queen's" great hits, among them *What a Diff'rence a Day Made*, *This Bitter Earth* and *Cold, Cold Heart*. The arrangements pressed upon her are nothing short of sabotage, but Franklin survives them, wisely avoiding imitation in pursuit of even higher flattery.

CINEMA

THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT spins hilariously around Fippy Walker and Merrie Spaeth, who commit grand larceny in their scene-stealing debut as a pair of overprivileged Manhattan teen-agers with a yen for Concert Pianist Peter Sellers.

BECKET. In this stunning film version of Jean Anouilh's historical drama, Peter O'Toole is a brilliant King Henry II. Richard Burton a sober but solid incarnation of England's 12th century martyr.

THE SERVANT is Dirk Bogarde, who coolly corrupts his master, finally trades places with him, while Director Joseph Losey's camera peers into the British caste system like an evil-minded snoop.

YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW. One of the season's brightest collaborations offers Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni blossoming as a first-rate comedy team in three ribald fables directed by Vittorio De Sica.

THE SILENCE. In a bold drama that reflects his own uncertainties about religious faith, Sweden's film genius Ingmar Bergman has an innocent child witness the death of the soul in two tortured sisters, one a lesbian, one a nymphomaniac.

DR. STRANGELOVE, OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB. The ubiquitous Peter Sellers and George C. Scott head a fine cast in Stanley Kubrick's explosive fantasy about inadvertent nuclear war.

THE FIRE WITHIN. France's Louis Malle (*The Lovers*) studies a world-weary gigolo (Maurice Ronet) who pours out the best of his charm and drinks a final toast to death.

THE GUEST. Donald Pleasence brilliantly repeats his stage role as a ranting old

**Generous
to a fault,
Air-India feels
bound to
remind you:**

**You can fly
to London
for only
\$210
but—**



**You can fly
there
and back
too, for
\$300***



If you don't find our new low jet fares to Europe positively irresistible, you can't say we haven't tried. (In fact, so have the other transatlantic airlines—with the result that all of them now offer the same money-saving fares.)

You probably already know that what you save depends on when you go and how: meaning whether you travel first class, regular economy, or 21-day excursion.

In any case, we'll persist in surrounding you with the same

opulent Eastern splendour, artful service, and traditional Indian hospitality—and let the rupees fall where they may. Ministered to by our charming sari-clad hostesses... lulled by the serenity of our Boeing 707 Jets... you'll arrive in London feeling as pampered as if you'd spent twice the fare!

For reservations or information see your travel agent or AIR-INDIA, 505 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. 17, Plaza 1-6200. Offices in principal cities.

AIR-INDIA

The airline that treats you like a maharajah
Over 30 Years of Flying Experience

* 21-day excursion jet fare from N. Y. effective for mid-week travel Apr. 1 thru Nov. 5, except June 12 thru July 12 and Aug. 3 thru Aug. 10. \$210 fare one-way economy class.



We thought we had it foolproof

(Until Cousin George put his finger
in front of the lens)

Some time ago we set out to put Bell & Howell quality into a fine automatic 35mm camera that would be as close to foolproof as possible.

Out came the slick new Bell & Howell/Canon Canonet® 1°. . . so completely automatic, so utterly simple, you can take color slides or snapshot of professional quality right off the bat.

The electric eye is why. All you do is make one setting, aim and shoot. If the eye sees the light isn't right, the shutter locks and you don't waste your picture. Even better, the slick little Canonet 1° tells you what to do to set things straight. You cannot take an improperly exposed picture... unless you stick your finger in front of the lens. And you'll probably only do that once.

How's that for foolproof?

Under \$130, including flash and carrying case.



Bell & Howell brings out the expert in you (automatically!)

derelict in the film adaptation of Harold Pinter's *The Caretaker*.

TOM JONES Five of the 20 actors nominated for 1963 Oscars are doing their "best" in this rollicking movie version of Fielding's 18th century classic.

BOOKS

Best Reading

THE WAPSHOT SCANDAL, by John Cheever. Evicted from St. Botolph's and its rooted way of life by time, circumstance and inclination, the younger generation of Wapshots find the 20th century closing in and the fit uncomfortable, whether in suburbia or in the claustrophobic atmosphere of a missile base.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON AND THE CONSTITUTION, by Clinton Rossiter. A major reappraisal of the flamboyant Hamilton's role in the founding of the U.S. Government, made by a historian who ten years ago dismissed him as "reactionary." Taking a long second look, Rossiter describes Hamilton as "the prophet of industrial America."

MISS LEONORA WHEN LAST SEEN, by Peter Taylor. Fifteen stories of marriages and families, institutions and hypocrisies, most of them set in the South. Taylor's knowledge of his settings and the elegance of his writing make the collection a joy.

THE MARTYRED, by Richard Kim. This remorseless and controlled first novel takes the Korean war as its setting and the presumed martyrdom of twelve Christian ministers as its theme.

ONE FAT ENGLISHMAN, by Kingsley Amis. The author's best novel since *Lucky Jim* tells of a self-satisfied English libertine, and how some unwary Americans let the air out of his ballooning ego.

WHEN THE CHEERING STOPPED, by Gene Smith. During the last 17 months of his presidency, Woodrow Wilson was crippled mentally and physically by a stroke, but his wife hid his true condition. Reporter Smith re-creates the time and assesses the political effects of the long hiatus in the White House.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold*, Le Carre (1 last week)
2. *The Group*, McCarthy (2)
3. *The Venetian Affair*, MacInnes (3)
4. *The Martyred*, Kim (6)
5. *The Wapshot Scandal*, Cheever (4)
6. *Convention*, Knebel and Batley
7. *Von Ryan's Express*, Wesheimer (7)
8. *The Hat on the Bed*, O'Hara (5)
9. *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*, Fleming
10. *The Shoes of the Fisherman*, West (8)

NONFICTION

1. *Four Days, U.P.I. and American Heritage* (2)
2. *A Day in the Life of President Kennedy*, Bishop (3)
3. *Diplomat Among Warriors*, Murphy (4)
4. *Profiles in Courage*, Kennedy (1)
5. *The Deputy*, Hochhuth (8)
6. *The Green Felt Jungle*, Reid and Demaris (6)
7. *The Great Treasury Raid*, Stern
8. *My Years with General Motors*, Sloan (5)
9. *When the Cheering Stopped*, Smith
10. *Confessions of an Advertising Man*, Ogilvy (7)



Installation of the first all-aluminum film-insulated strip transformer in Lynchburg, Virginia

Today's newest transformer (others are still working on it)

This revolutionary transformer, now in production at Porter's Electrical Division, has film-insulated aluminum windings. This exclusive design eliminates paper in the windings, the major cause of failure. It is practically indestructible, trouble-free and easy to install.

This is an example of how Porter looks ahead and reaches ahead—continually developing, testing, creating new products and finding new ways to serve in-

dustry better and more economically. Porter is active in 450 categories of rubber, electrical equipment, paints, steel, refractories, specialty alloys, power tools, forgings, stampings, pipe fittings, asbestos friction materials and textiles. You are invited to write today for your free copy of the complete Porter Products Guide, H. K. Porter Company, Inc., Room 1632 Porter Building, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15219.



Who's producing them?

PORTER

**H. K. PORTER COMPANY, INC.
PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA**



This is to catch the eye.



ORIENTAL FIREPOT

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1 lb. sirloin or flank steak, sliced paper thin across the grain (slice flank steak on the diagonal) | 2 cups cubed bean curd or peeled and cubed eggplant |
| 2 chicken breasts, skinned, boned, and sliced very thin across the grain | 1 package (10-oz.) frozen snow pea pods, or frozen Italian-style beans, thawed |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. thinly sliced red snapper fillet, or sole or haddock | 2 cups cherry tomatoes |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sliced chicken livers | 1 bunch scallions, trimmed and cut into 2-inch lengths |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. small spinach leaves, washed and trimmed of stems | Chicken broth or stock |
| | $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon ginger |
| | *Pungent Sweet-Sour Sauce |
| | *Ginger-Soy Sauce |

This is for

Good pictures, good service ideas and good writing are not the exclusive property of any magazine. To some degree all these elements appear in all three women's magazines. Does this mean they're the same?

Not at all. McCall's, Good Housekeeping and the Journal may have the same basic ingredients, but the individual combination, emphasis and balance of these ingredients is distinctly different. It's not by accident. Each magazine's editorial prejudice reflects the demands of its particular audience. And some audiences are more demanding than others.

This is Ladies' Home Journal's problem. Because the Journal reaches a more educated woman than either of the other two magazines, we have to be especially careful of how well the magazine is written. It's going to be

read more carefully than other women's magazines. And not because all those educated women (who are also housewives and mothers) have nothing to do, but because of what they're used to finding in the Journal.

They expect to see articles on the home, personal grooming and food, and they aren't disappointed. But they're looking for more. They're looking for the kind of writing that makes Ladies' Home Journal a little different. They're looking for Lillian Hellman's firsthand account of the Pope's journey through the Holy Land, or Katherine Anne Porter's thoughts on the ordeal of Jacqueline Kennedy or Cecil Beaton's diary of the filming of "My Fair Lady." They're looking for the particularly literate, and often personally challenging fiction they've found in the short stories of Noel Cow-

***Ginger-Soy Sauce:** Mix $\frac{1}{2}$ cup soy sauce, 1 cup water, 2 tablespoons white wine (optional), 2 teaspoons sugar, 1 teaspoon powdered ginger, and heat gently. Serve warm. Makes about $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sauce.

(Mongolian Cookers may be purchased from East Arts Inc., 857 Second Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.)



FONDUE BOURGUIGNON

- | | |
|--|---------------------------|
| <i>Cooking oil</i> | <i>*Deviled Roquefort</i> |
| <i>2 lbs. beef</i> | <i>Butter</i> |
| <i>tenderloin or</i> | <i>*Fluffy</i> |
| <i>steak, cut in</i> | <i>Horseradish</i> |
| <i>$\frac{1}{2}$ inch cubes</i> | <i>Sauce</i> |
| <i>Meat tenderizer</i> | <i>*Sauce Diable</i> |
| <i>*Curry-</i> | <i>*Curry Sauce</i> |
| <i>Chutney Sauce</i> | <i>Chopped onions</i> |

(1) Pour oil into a beef fondue cooker or electric skillet, to $\frac{3}{4}$ full. Use part olive

information.

us, fail her to the very end, and beyond, and will not fail her.

What I think of now is the gradual change in that lovely face through the fiercely shattering years when she and her husband raced like twin rockets to their blinding personal disaster which involved a whole world. Among the last pictures I remember is Mrs. Kennedy as she stood with her two children in the cold light of a late-fall day—and you don't have such perfectly well-behaved children at their age unless you have known how to love them and discipline them!—watching the President's coffin being carried from the White House on its way to the Rotunda. She stood there staring a little sidelong, as if she could not dare to look directly. The first shock was over, that head-on collision with death in one of its most wasteful and senseless forms had taken place without warning, as it always does,

This is to hold a woman's interest.

ard and Anton Chekov, or Shirley Ann Grau's "Keepers of the House"—the first novel ever selected simultaneously by both book clubs.

The force of this reader interest is evidenced by the wave of demand which forced us to resume publishing 12 issues a year (which means at least 140 more editorial pages per year), by the newsstand sellout of our latest issue and by evidence that readers spend considerably more time with the average Journal page than with a page in McCall's (and, logically, than with a Good Housekeeping page, which is 37% smaller).

Business people find the concept of reader interest attractive, too. Especially when it applies to their advertising. Studies show that four-color pages get higher scores in Ladies' Home Journal than in any other women's mag-

azine, store book, picture book or shelter book. These higher scores should result in higher retail sales.

And they do. A greater percentage of Journal households spend more for groceries, appliances and clothes, buy more automobiles, television sets, life insurance, and own more stock than those of the other two major women's magazines.

This is one of the reasons Ladies' Home Journal gained more ad pages in 1963 than any other mass magazine (more than McCall's and Good Housekeeping combined). And why the Journal grew more (10%) in the first quarter of '64 than either McCall's (6%) or Good Housekeeping (2.5%).

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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I would appreciate receiving _____ complimentary copies of your
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ART IN NEW YORK

UPTOWN

MARINO MARINI—Auslander, 1078 Madison Ave. at 81st. Man-on-horse formed Marini as a youth he admired Donatello's equestrian *Gattamelata*, as a man he observed Dictator Benito Mussolini. Combining themes, he carved out a lesser heroism: his sculptures show stumbling horses and fearful men. In this show are some of the sculptures, but twelve lithographs, paired with his wife's poetry, and ten oils on paper show a purer image of horse and rider charging, falling, rising again with more courage than their predecessors. Through April 25.

GEORGES BRAQUE—The artistic revolutionary who, with another young firebrand named Picasso created cubism and altered the course of modern art, died last year at 81. Four galleries bring together the largest showing of his work ever—some 200 paintings and sculptures on loan from American collections and benefiting the Public Education Association.

► At Saidenberg, 1035 Madison Ave. at 79th: fauve and cubist works.

► At Perls, 1016 Madison Ave. at 78th: paintings from the '20s.

► At Rosenberg, 20 East 79th: oils from the '30s.

► At Knoedler, 14 East 57th: the '40s on through 1957, along with 25 sculptures. All through May 2.

SATISH GUJRAL—Forum, 1018 Madison Ave. at 78th. Gujral once set off from India for Mexico to be a muralist for the masses à la Siqueiros. Having no walls on which to make his metaphors, he fragmented his murals into paintings, has been doing so since (although now he is doing a mural in ceramic for the World's Fair's Indian Pavilion). He shows his mentor's strong sense of design—and a good deal more mystery—in decorative, richly hued paintings. Through April 25.

ROY GUSSENOW—Borjesson, 1018 Madison Ave. at 78th. The streamlined slabs and slippery surfaces of modern abstracts in stainless steel, forged bronze and copper by a teacher at Pratt Institute who studied under Moholy-Nagy and Archipenko. Most are on loan. Through April 25.

JACQUES VILLON—Thaw, 50 East 78th. Fifteen paintings trace a life-long love affair with art, from a youthful *Portrait of the Artist*, who had not yet courted cubism, to *The Environs of Rouen*, when he had wedded it to his own luminous impressionism. Through April 18.

CORNEILLE—Lefebvre, 47 East 77th. The shows by Corneille and Appel (see below) are close together and similar in interest. Both are Dutch painters, founders of Cobra, whose styles spring from the explosive spontaneity of that postwar persuasion. Corneille is a little tamer, perhaps because he chooses nature as his forte. His shapes sprawl in the lazy rhythms of an octopus treading water in a bright-colored sea of protoplasmic forms. Through April 18.

GIANFRANCO BARUCCHELLO—Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave. at 76th. New York's first look at this Italian's contribution to the Scribble school. Barucchello rips around Rome with the dash of a young man going places; in painting he shows more caution. He draws little bugs.



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sqiggles, squooshes on Plexiglas or on translucent white canvases in the vacant perspective of flyspecked windowpanes, makes them move in startling patterns—as though the insect were still buzzing around. Through April 25.

KAREL APPEL—Hahn, 960 Madison Ave. at 75th. Appel pummels the canvas in violent combat with his images, beating his nudes into a submission that they mock with their startling audacity. At Jackson, 32 East 69th, he provides his candid figures with saxophones, pearl-handled pistols, and telephones for eyes, ears and mouths. Both through April 25.

ROBERT HENRI—Chapellier, 954 Madison Ave. at 75th. Henri was best as a portraitist: with two circlets of emerald green he puts a Gaelic glint into an Irish boy's eyes. The 41 works include sketches of his fellow rebels in the Ashcan school and the well-known painting of a Chinese worker, *Jim Lee*. A nude that raised eyebrows at the 1913 Armory show is still a scene stealer. Through April 30.

JAMES KEARNS—Nordness, 831 Madison Ave. at 69th. An art teacher at the School of Visual Arts shows his versatility in pieces sculpted in bronze, fiber glass and concrete, and in paintings done in oil on canvas and on Masonite. His cast females are pathetically pudgy, his painted figures equally grotesque, "I flatter people verbally, not pictorially," says Kearns. But a fine sense of balance and depth wraps them in redeeming grace. Through April 18.

ROBERT COOK—Sculpture Center, 167 East 69th. An American who works in Rome, Cook sculpts in beeswax, then casts in bronze. His sinewy sculptures spin in bright, convoluted rhythms. Thirty works. Through April 30.

GEORGE SUGARMAN—Radich, 818 Madison Ave. at 68th. Sugarman piles up whoops, commas, calligraphs, and his painted wood sculptures go scrambling into space like a two-year-old clambering up a flight of stairs. They suddenly stop—and leave the next step to the imagination. Through April 11.

WILLIAM BRICE—Alan, 766 Madison Ave. at 66th. The son of Broadway's *Funny Girl* Funny Brice seems to have inherited his mother's fancy for art but not her sense of humor. His tragic nudes used to flower like human vegetation in a symbolic embrace with nature; now they languish outside the bleak windows of the artist's studio. Oils and drawings. Through April 18.

PAUL MATTHEWS—Zabriskie, 36 East 61st. The first one-man show by a young New Yorker who takes his titles from James Joyce, puns with lines such as the Irish writer did with words. His major painting is the *Temptation of St. Anthony*; the poor saint looks absolutely abashed by the frantics of the lewd nudes who surround him in a sea of fleshy tones, raw red mouths and undulating shapes. Twenty-seven oils. Through April 18.

JUVENAL SANSÓ—Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave. at 61st. Born in Spain, raised in the Philippines, a resident of Paris, Sansó, 34, is still on the move, has made two trips around the world. His lonely landscapes of Brittany, Manila and Manhattan omit the human presence, make nature the actor in richly detailed but desolate dramas. Colored ink paintings and prints. Through April 30.

ZAO WOU-KI—Kootz, 655 Madison Ave. at 66th. A Chinese expatriate in Paris, Zao Wou-ki makes a meeting place for yin



When he graduates from college...



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and yung, feeds planes of pastoral stillness into moods of inner frenzy. Through April 18.

MIDTOWN

PAVEL TCHELITCHEW—Viviano, 42 East 57th. More than 300 of his works are at the Gallery of Modern Art (see below), but a rarer glimpse of the artist is given here. Friends have lent some 100 watercolors and drawings, many never exhibited, some personally inscribed. Included: *Night and Day*, a 1926 gouache-and-sand once owned by Gertrude Stein, who discovered him; portraits of Esme, the little girl in *Hide-and-Seek*; the cranial lattice-work of his later years. Through April 18.

THEMES FROM SHAKESPEARE—Salpeter, 42 East 57th. A palatable painting party for his 400th birthday. Present: Antonio Frascini's woodcut portrait of the poet; John Sennhauser's collage soliloquy, *To Be or Not To Be*; Philip Evergood's charcoal-and-wash of Macbeth and the witches; Mel Silverman's Will plastered against a 16th century papier-mâché London. 16 other artists. Through April 30.

MONDRIAN, DE STIJL AND THEIR IMPACT—Marlborough-Gerson, 41 East 57th. When Mondrian set about destroying space, he replaced it with the golden-section grillwork that formed the cornerstone for abstract art. With his friend Van Doesburg he founded the magazine *De Stijl*, and, as shown here, spread the gospel of color geometries to Germany, Poland, Belgium, France, England, Scandinavia and the U.S. The most brilliant works of the master are missing, but the evolution of his spatial austerity is easily visible in early works and drawings; its potential for beauty stunningly manifest in such artists as Stremminksi, Vordemberge-Schwitters, Nicholson and others. Through May 16.

MARIO SCHIFANO—Olyssia, 41 East 57th. The impatient brush of a young Italian new realist whips enamel paint around melanges of brown wrapping paper and canvas, laying waste a work of art with the gusto of a wild wind assailing a wall plastered with posters. Through May 2.

JEAN IPOUSTEGUY—Loeb, 12 East 57th. Split skulls and hushed-in faces underscore the theme of violence in this French sculptor's first one-man show in New York. Ipousteguy sculpts with a sure sense of balance and a sharp eye for basic paradoxes and brutal ironies, e.g., *The Crab and the Bird* which captures in one movement the rapport between crawling and flying. Fourteen black bronzes. Through April 18.

MARY BAUERMEISTER Bonino, 7 West 57th. In the forefront of the frantic search for new materials, a young German artist creates sensuous surfaces with polished pebbles, drinking straws, hollow shells, wood. She proves with "linen sculptures" that look like modern abstractions of Grandma's old quiltwork that she can sew—and pretty, too. Through April 18.

VICTOR DE VASARELY—Pace, 9 West 57th. The Hungarian-born painter, now a Parisian, recently won a Guggenheim award. His calculated geometries are mechanical but their constant variation keeps the eye on the move, and his cool color harmonies send off winnowing waves of motion, like stones dropped in water. Through April 18.

JACK YOUNGERMAN—Parsons, 24 West 57th. Born in Cassius Clay's hometown, he shares some of the Louisville slugger's

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TIME, APRIL 10, 1964



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expansiveness. His enormous abstractions become arenas where mammoth forms-within-forms wage war with raw colors for attention and space. Through April 25.

ALAIN JACQUET—Iolas, 15 East 55th. Paris' Pop prodigy had a painting, done when he was 22, in the Guggenheim's recent worldwide survey, and thus was its youngest artist. Here he spans centuries and continents, melding old and new with art about art: he copies the classics (Praxiteles, Botticelli, Michelangelo), jazzes them up in modern trappings, calls them camouflage. Through April 11.

RAPHAEL SOYER—Associated American Artists, 605 Fifth Ave. at 49th. With fine-line shadings and blank areas of light, Soyer brings out the fullness of body and the spiritual vacuity of New York girlhood. Past teen-age but not quite adult, his would-be students and sometime artist's models display the wistful grace of instinctive, empty gestures. Sixteen etchings. Through May 2.

MUSEUMS

JEWISH—Fifth Ave. at 92nd. A retrospective of Pop Painter Jasper Johns; his *Flags and Targets*, along with more than 100 other paintings, drawings, sculptures, lithographs. Through April 12.

GUGGENHEIM—Fifth Ave. at 89th. The work of Vincent Van Gogh; his *Sunflowers* and *Cypresses*, *Harvest*, *Yellow House* and *Potato Eaters* are among the 120 oils, watercolors and drawings on loan from his nephew's unique collection. Through June 28.

METROPOLITAN—Fifth Ave. at 82nd. The museum supplements its large collection of Rembrandt paintings (33, including the \$2,300,000 *Aristotle Contemplating the Bust of Homer*) with a selection of the Dutch master's prints. "World's Fairs—the Architecture of Fantasy" makes a retrospective visit to 16 past expositions by means of prints, photographs, posters and souvenirs.

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART—62 East 78th. Fifty Venetian paintings from the 17th century range from Palma il Giovane to Sebastiano Ricci. Through April 30.

GALLERY OF MODERN ART—Columbus Circle at 59th. The Circle is enhanced by Huntington Hartford's new museum, which provides an intimate setting for his less-than-dazzling personal acquisitions and for a mammoth exhibition of the late Russian-born Painter Pavel Tchelitchew's surrealist puzzle pictures, bloodshot-eyed portraits and "interior landscapes" of the head. Through April 19.

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART—15 West 54th. Objects from the Muslim region of New Guinea and 60 tempera paintings of primitive sculpture by Mexican Miguel Covarrubias, an important scholar in the field. Through May 10.

WHITNEY—22 West 54th. Jack Tworok, 63, head of Yale's art school and old-line abstract expressionist, gets the retrospective once-over in an exhibition that begins with a 1948 *Figure* garbed in cubist subtleties, proceeds to the brilliant reds and blues that slash through his 1963 oils. Seventy paintings, collages, drawings. Through May 3.

BROOKLYN—Eastern Parkway. The 14th National Print Exhibition shows 165 examples, selected from 2,000 entries, of what U.S. printmakers have pursued during the past year. Through Aug. 16.



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LETTERS

Cost of Poverty

Sir: The President, his "poverty czar" [March 20] and his henchmen are preparing to take another giant step in the plan to make the American citizen subservient to a regime. The "war on poverty" is obviously a vote-influencing scheme, another duplication of effort, another billion dollars for scattershot, another bureau to enlarge the federal payroll, another gimmick by a glib and slick-tongued politician. The chief cause of poverty is inflation, and after nearly three decades of "spending to create prosperity," inflationary policies are still predominant.

NORMAN H. HAKE

Hoyleton, Ill.

Sir: It is a pity that so many Congressmen equate President Johnson's poverty bill with creeping socialism, or even Communism. Actually, the passage of the bill and the program's success would accentuate the superiority of the capitalist system. The program would not only raise the impoverished to a subsistence level, but would prepare those with greater ambition and ability for advancement in the area of their training.

(MRS.) ELLEN ROSS

Forest Hills, N.Y.

Sir: In all of the recent talk about eliminating poverty from the face of the land, little or nothing has been said in the context of overpopulation in the nation's urban slums. Poverty will never be vanquished from the latter, with their phenomenal birth rates and resultant overcrowding and poor education, without an attack on this problem. While the root of poverty, overpopulation, grows deeper, our Government merely cuts the grass—here, in the fight on poverty, and abroad, in the foreign aid program.

GREG WRIGHT

Van Nuys, Calif.

His Bob

Sir: Robert S. McNamara for Vice President [March 27]? Indeed, he is my choice. His abilities, background and education make him outstanding among men. This country needs him in this hour.

ROBERT KUNG

Tyler, Texas

The Rights Riots

Sir: On reading of such demonstrations as the recent one at Jacksonville [April 3] that are being waged basically on behalf of the dignity of all men, regardless

of color, one can only wonder what true dignity the American Negro will have left if and when the whole mess is ever ended. No matter how strong one's democratic convictions might be, the actions of many demonstrators can only inspire visions of unruly schoolchildren.

As a high school student with a natural concern for the future of the American people, I can only hope that some means may be found to show the Negro how much damage is being done to his cause by impetuous, dangerous and, certainly, undignified demonstrators.

CELIA LITTLEPAGE

Pacific Palisades, Calif.

The Negro in History

Sir: You add new stature to your magazine in fostering the understanding between the races in your article "Desegregated History" [March 27]. It has long been my contention that if white America knew more about the Negro in American history, as distinguished from the history of the Negro in America, and thereby learned of the Negro's remarkable contributions to American freedom and progress, the American conscience would be stirred by this moral imperative. Indeed, if at this significant moment such incontrovertible historical facts of the Negro's place in American history reached the ears of the recalcitrants in Congress during the civil rights debate, this might well tip the scales for the votes needed to pass this long-overdue legislation.

RAYMOND PACE ALEXANDER

Judge

Court of Common Pleas No. 4
Philadelphia

Sir: I and other Negroes have always resented the stoutheadedness with which bloody slave rebellions and other facts about us have been deleted from American history books. Ignorance of such facts has enabled too many white Americans to insult us by assuming that we are such a stupid people that we were content with our lot until other white men with hammers and sickles on their armbands "stirred us up."

The white man must disabuse himself of this notion if he is to have any grasp of present-day realities. By providing Americans with necessary information that has been kept secret from them for too long a time, you serve this country well.

ELLEN HOLLY

Richmond Hill, N.Y.

Sir: The Civil War was half over before any Negro regiments were raised, so the total number killed or mortally wounded

among the Negro troops does not seem to be as great as it would ordinarily have been. The total killed or mortally wounded in the colored troops was 143 officers and 2,751 men. The discrepancy between the 38,000 mortalities you give and the actual number can probably be explained through the high rate of death due to sickness and disease. The great killers were malaria, diarrhea-dysentery, typhoid and upper respiratory diseases.

JIM BALANCE

San Francisco

Cheers for Cheever

Sir: Cheers for Cheever [March 27]! I'm on the way to the library to get to know him better. Your excerpts from his writing show me a rare bird—a modern moralist. I'll know more several Cheever books from now.

(MRS.) MARY R. MILLER

Altoona, Pa.

Sir: Mr. Cheever of Warshot is the type of review one reads twice.

FATHER GUS GORDON

Milwaukee

Sir: John Cheever's natural, provincial piety is the most satisfying vision in American fiction today.

(PVT.) RONALD M. HOLDEN

Fort Ord, Calif.

Hartford's Art

Sir: Huntington Hartford's Gallery of Modern Art [March 27] as a protest against abstract art is most welcome and encouraging. It is to be hoped that it heralds a renaissance of what Mr. Hartford calls beauty, truth, goodness, and strength—characteristics so sorely needed in much of what is termed art today. Architect Edward Stone has given us a beautiful interpretation of Mr. Hartford's ideals.

LINDSEY BLAYNEY

Marine-On-St. Croix, Minn.

Sir: Despite your none too enthusiastic coverage of the museum's opening, the message of the Gallery of Modern Art will be enthusiastically received by those who still believe that art is the craft of the artist and the appreciation of art is the privilege of just plain people.

ANDREW A. BRADICK

Huntington, N.Y.

Sir: I suggest that above the red pile carpets on the solid bronze doors there should be Gallery of Nostalgic Art.

HILDEGARDE HEIDT

Los Angeles

Metal Mind

Sir: It is a mistake in an article on electronics [March 27] to refer to an electronic device as being mechanical. Much worse is your calling a computer a brain. A brain has approximately 10 billion neurons, logic and memory units, and possesses the capabilities of instinct, intuition and imagination. A computer can have the equivalent of about 100,000 neurons and is a complex tool to magnify man's intellect. It is very important that the public understand what computers are and what they are not because of the increasing impact of computers on our society.

DONN B. PARKER

Association for Computing Machinery
San Francisco

Safe Savings

Sir: The article in the March 27 issue of TIME does a great injustice to the thousands of fine and responsible savings and

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Chesterfield People:

They like a mild smoke, but just don't like filters. (How about you?)



James E. Thompson, optical physicist, California



Charles Feingarten, art gallery director, Illinois



Jean Russell, concert pianist, California



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loan associations. It pyramids the small number of problems that have occurred in three states into a criticism of the business throughout the country.

Every business has misfits, and ours is no exception. Certainly, responsible persons in our business support the efforts of federal and state authorities to eliminate these persons from savings and loan ranks.

NORMAN STRUNK

U.S. Savings and Loan League
Chicago

Medals for Ministers

Sir: You stated that the Rev. Joseph Timothy O'Callahan [March 27] won the only Congressional Medal of Honor ever awarded to a chaplain. There has been at least one other—Chaplain John M. Whitehead of the 15th Indiana Infantry. The deed judged significant enough to merit the award occurred at the Civil War battle of Stone's River (near Murfreesboro, Tenn.) on Dec. 31, 1862. The medal was issued on April 4, 1898.

HOMER PITTARD

Murfreesboro, Tenn.

► Two other chaplains also received the Medal of Honor during the Civil War—they were Francis B. Hall of the 16th New York Infantry for action at the Battle of Salem Heights, Va., May 3, 1863, and Milton L. Haney for action in Atlanta in July 1864. During the Civil War, the Medal of Honor was the only decoration given for bravery. Some 1,577 medals were given to Civil War fighters, while only 429 were awarded during World War II.—Ed.

More Time

Sir: I enjoyed your short article on college basketball [March 27]; however, one point was overlooked. Under the 1963-64 rules, the clock was stopped on all violations and heretofore such was not the case. This, in effect, lengthened the playing time at least another three minutes, and this accounts for the scoring records. They cannot be attributed entirely to better players and better coaching.

MILT PAPKE

Fairfax, Va.

Touché

Sir: Fencing [April 3] is not only an athletic feat; it is an art, a skill, a fierce and fast-precision thing with judgments and reactions timed to the quarter-inch.

But I do thank you for mentioning fencing at all. It is far from a sissy sport, no matter how it may look in pictures. I could still take a football player for an hour's workout, and he wouldn't be able to walk stairs comfortably the next day.

BURKE BOYCE

U.S. Olympic Fencing Team, 1924
Vails Gate, N.Y.

Address Letters to the Editor to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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Place three or four ice cubes in a deep, chilled glass. Pour in enough delicious, minty Hiram Walker's Green Creme de Menthe to fill glass.



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With ice, shake juice of ½ lemon, ½ tablespoon sugar, 1 oz. Hiram Walker's Sloe Gin. Strain over ice cubes. Fill with Club Soda.

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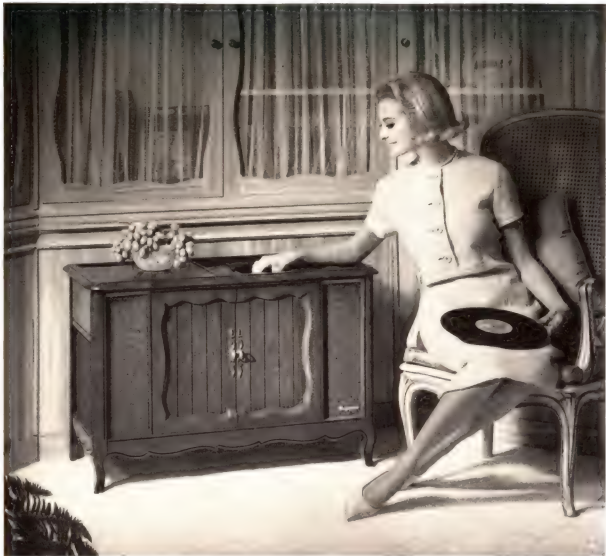
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A RAINBOW OF DISTINCTIVE FLAVORS

TIME, APRIL 10, 1964



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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

April 10, 1964

Vol. 83, No. 15

THE NATION

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Three Cheers

For the first time in more weeks than anybody cared to count, the critics of U.S. foreign policy last week were able to stop wringing their hands long enough to applaud. The reasons:

• **BRAZIL.** After a two-and-a-half-year tailspin toward chaos and Communism under the erratic rule of leftist President João ("Jango") Goulart, the armed forces of Latin America's biggest country finally lost patience and sent him packing (see **THE HEMISPHERE**). Despite the fact that this was a military coup against a constitutional regime, State Department officials made no attempt to conceal their pleasure over Jango's fall. The moment Brazil's Congress gave the new regime a legal base by naming Goulart's next-in-line to succeed him, President Lyndon Johnson extended his "warmest wishes" and hinted at quick recognition. All this was in line with the policy laid down by Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs Thomas C. Mann (**TIME** cover, Jan. 31) that the U.S. will deal with such situations as occurred in Brazil on their merits, not according to a rigid doctrine that condemns all coups as evil.

• **PANAMA.** Three months after the Canal Zone riots, the U.S. and Panama ended their silly semantic squabble and agreed "to seek prompt elimination of the causes of conflict between the two countries without limitations or preconditions of any kind." Diplomatic relations were restored, and Johnson immediately named fellow Texan Robert B. Anderson, who was Dwight Eisenhower's second Secretary of the Treasury, as special U.S. emissary to work out "a just and fair agreement." As the new Ambassador to Panama, he named Latin American Peace Corps Director Jack Hood Vaughn, an ex-boxer and Marine captain. Said Johnson: "This is truly a great day for America, for Panama and for all the people of the Western Hemisphere." Asked during a week-end press conference at the White House about the developments in Brazil and Panama, the President replied, "I would say that this has been a good week for this hemisphere." He was "encouraged" by the agreement with Panama, he said, and in Brazil, "we look forward to brighter hopes."

• **NATO.** Turning to another area of U.S. foreign policy, President Johnson marked the 15th anniversary of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization by telling more than 100 guests at an East Room ceremony that the alliance was "a tested and recognized foundation stone of America's foreign policy."

There was an implied slap at Charles de Gaulle's disruptive tactics in Johnson's statement that "we, for our part, will never turn back to separated inse-

CIVIL RIGHTS

Debate in the Senate;

A Meeting in Birmingham

During 16 days of drone-and-drawl talk, Southern Democrats had argued that the Senate should not even bring the civil rights bill up for consideration. With those preliminaries well over, the time had arrived for the start of formal debate, and the bill's backers had a chance to present their case. Said Min-



BILLY GRAHAM CONDUCTING EASTER SERVICE

It was different from another Sunday.

curity." But the President generously added that the U.S. welcomes "the new strength of our transatlantic allies" and sees "no contradiction between national self-respect and independent mutual reliance." As for relations with the Communist bloc, he urged the allies to "be alive to the new spirit of diversity that's now abroad in Eastern Europe" and to "be alert to any hope of stable settlement." But flexibility, he added, does not mean softness. "Danger has receded, but it has not disappeared. The task of building our defenses is never really done. The temptation to relax must always be resisted."

nevoa Democrat Hubert Humphrey, floor manager for the measure: "I will attempt to lay the affirmative case for the bill before the Senate."

Humphrey did just that, and often eloquently, for 3½ hours. "This bill is long overdue," he said. "Moderate as it is, it ensures a great departure from the misery and bitterness that is the lot of so many Americans. This misery has found remarkably quiet methods of expression up to the present."

But, Humphrey continued, "within the past few years a new spirit has arisen in those people who have been so long denied. How will we respond to this chal-



TULSA COP CARRYING DEMONSTRATOR INTO POLICE HEADQUARTERS
The external pressures grow greater.

lenge? The snarling police dogs of Birmingham are one answer. The force of equality and justice is another. That second choice is embodied in the bill that we are starting to consider."

Simple Goals. Section by section, Humphrey went through the bill's eleven titles, explaining each and giving examples of grievances that the bill was designed to redress. In discussing the protection of Negro voting rights, Humphrey noted that in many Southern states, would-be Negro voters are rejected, while even the most illiterate whites are generally allowed to register. He told the story of one white Alabamian who, when confronted with the voter-registration-test question, "Will you give aid and comfort to the enemies of the U.S. or the government of Alabama?", wrote in reply: "If hurt would give comfort only if wounded." The man passed with flying colors. On public accommodations, Humphrey reported that in Charleston, S.C., there were ten hotels and motels that welcomed dogs, none that would take a Negro. As for job opportunities, Humphrey cited a Bureau of Census study that showed that a Negro college graduate during his lifetime would earn less than one-half as much as his white counterpart, some \$6,000 less than a white man who quit school after the eighth grade.

"The goals of this bill," concluded Humphrey, "are simple ones: to extend to Negro citizens the same rights and the same opportunities that white Americans take for granted."

Anticipating the Worst. Following Humphrey was California's Senator Thomas Kuchel, the Republican whip, who also offered urgent arguments for the bill. "This issue," said Kuchel, "should not be a partisan fight. It should be, and is, an American fight." But some powerful Republicans do have doubts about certain parts of the bill, a fact attested next day by G.O.P. leader Everett Dirksen of Illinois. Dirksen said he had received "very substan-

tial encouragement" from the Senate Republican Policy Committee for a dozen changes, most of them technical, in the bill's fair-employment and union-membership provisions. Dirksen also indicated that he had found some support for his idea of an amendment to the public-accommodations section—probably to make compliance voluntary for the first year of the new law's life.

This was bad news to the Democratic leadership. They desperately need Republican votes to impose cloture, and to get those votes they may have to accept Dirksen's amendments. Yet they fear that to do this would be to set off an avalanche of amendment attempts that would, at worst, gut the bill and, at best, protract the battle indefinitely. Majority Leader Mike Mansfield said he thought the debate might even last through the national nominating conventions and into the fall.

Within the Citadel. The longer the debate drags on, the greater will be the external pressures on the Senate for action, and last week civil rights advocates were plainly becoming increas-

ingly restless. In Baltimore more than 2,000 marched on city hall to demand housing and job legislation. In Tulsa 54 were arrested for trespassing during a CORE-sponsored sit-in at a segregated restaurant. When the demonstrators, 50 Negroes and four whites, refused to leave, they were carried out bodily by cops. At police headquarters, they were carried inside, booked but not jailed. In St. Augustine, Fla., cops with police dogs and electric cattle prods at the ready rounded up some 300 civil rights demonstrators, including the 72-year-old mother of Massachusetts' Democratic Governor Endicott Peabody.

Mrs. Mary Parkman Peabody had left her retired Episcopal bishop husband at home in Cambridge, donned sensible shoes, and gone south with three friends because, she said, "we decided that the Negroes needed help." On her first full day in town, Mrs. Peabody sat-in with Negroes at three segregated restaurants, a movie house and two motels. Next day, while sitting in at a segregated motel dining room with five Negroes, she was arrested for trespassing, being an undesirable guest, and conspiracy. Rather than post a \$450 cash bond, Mrs. Peabody chose to spend two nights and two days in a St. Augustine jail cell with six other women. At week's end she was back north, leaving the St. Augustine situation unimproved but vowing "I shall go wherever I am asked to participate for freedom."

Perhaps the most remarkable demonstration of all came on Easter Sunday in Birmingham, Ala., citadel of segregation. There, some 35,000 people, Negro and white in almost equal numbers and comprising the largest integrated gathering in Alabama history, flocked to a city-owned football field to hear Evangelist Billy Graham. Exclaimed he: "What a moment and what an hour in Birmingham!" It was certainly that—far different from another Sunday, only seven months before, when a dynamite blast at a Negro church killed four little girls. Said Arthur P. Cook, white publisher of three local weeklies, about the Graham meeting: "It is the greatest thing that has happened to Birmingham." And if it could happen in Birmingham, it could happen anywhere—a fact of which the debating Senators might take notice.

ALASKA

Picking up the Pieces

Alaskans always look forward to the big spring breakup, the time of the thaw that signals the end to hibernation and the beginning of the growing and fishing season. Along a corrugated street in downtown Anchorage last week a sign was posted on a store front: **CLOSED DUE TO EARLY BREAKUP.**

Such macabre humor was the exception in the wake of Alaska's Good Friday earthquake. More than 125 were dead or missing in the disaster, most



MRS. PEABODY WITH SONS & HUSBAND
From Boston, in sensible shoes.

of them in Alaska. The rest as a result of seismic sea waves that hit Oregon and California. The cost in property damage was, by latest estimate, more than \$500 million. Downtown Anchorage was decimated; Seward, Kodiak, and scattered towns near the epicenter of the earthquake were all but wiped out.

All week long, red-eyed citizens wandered through their streets, looking for friends or loved ones, comparing experiences, recounting tales of tragedy and heroism. Soldiers with bayonets patrolled streets or baby-sat with begrimmed children who had to be wheeled out of tears with jokes and C rations. Families fortunate enough to have heat, water or electricity opened their doors to the homeless. In the streets of the towns, volunteer workers joined military personnel in the unending job of picking up the pieces. In Seward a 30-ton fishing boat lay incongruously in a patch of woods several hundred yards from the shore. In the dockside railroad yard, a big switching engine rested on its side 200 ft. from the tracks.

Broke. The state capital, for all practical purposes, was temporarily shifted from Juneau to Anchorage's East Fifth Avenue, where, in a group of house trailers, Governor William Egan and his staff worked themselves to exhaustion to get Alaska back on its feet. They had a bleak time of it as they evaluated information feeding into their headquarters. Roughly 75% of Alaska's industrial output was crippled. Three thousand people no longer had jobs to go to. Home owners and small businessmen with mortgages were teetering on financial ruin. Banks, which hold about \$300 million in deposits, feared a run of serious proportions. Said Anchorage City Councilman Sewell Faulkner: "I'd hate to think how many hundreds of people in Anchorage are bankrupt right now." In Seward, where 90% of the economy simply crumbled, City Manager William Harrison told newsmen: "Fellows, we're in a hell of a mess." He tried to read a news release; his voice broke, and he wept. "It's going to take a long time to recover," he said hoarsely.

Harrison might well have wept for all Alaska. For despite the fact that the state is twice the size of Texas (267,339 sq. mi.), its small population (250,000) and more than 60% of its business life were centered chiefly in those areas where the earthquake caused most of the destruction.

Unpleasant Obligation. Alaska's economy was not too secure in the first place. The last of a \$28.5 million federal grant, bestowed at the time of statehood in 1959, was exhausted last year. The fishing industry was healthy, and oil exploration was beginning to pay off. But Alaska was still in great need of risk capital, and it was not forthcoming; a Wall Street syndicate last year was able to sell only \$5.3 million of a \$9 million bond issue. As a territory and as a state, moreover, Alaska's economy had long

been largely dependent on big federal expenditures, and one day the tap would probably have to be turned off.

With business ripped to shreds and consumer spending sharply curtailed, Alaska's bankers met with federal officials in an attempt to find some temporary solutions to the financial crisis. The banks' loan capacity, never very great, was probably less than \$100 million, not nearly enough to satisfy the demand. Some banks have already made construction loans. All of them, said Anchorage Banker Jacques Roth, have "the unpleasant obligation of deciding who will survive and who will go under."

Exodus? President Johnson requested a congressional appropriation of \$50 million in emergency funds. But most Alaskans were convinced that the Congress will have to pass special legislation to make as much as \$500 million

the basic soundness on which to rebuild in a more modern fashion. This is not going to be done just because we're courageous Americans. It will be hard work, and I don't underestimate its difficulty. But it will be done."

THE PRESIDENCY

"Mr. President, You're Fun"

A cream-colored Lincoln Continental driven by the President of the U.S. flashed up a long Texas hill, swung into the left lane to pass two cars poking along under 85 m.p.h., and thundered on over the crest of the hill—squarely into the path of an oncoming car. The President charged on, his paper cup of Pearl beer within easy sipping distance. The other motorist veered off the paved surface to safety on the road's shoulder. Groganed a passenger in the President's car when the ride was over: "That's



ANCHORAGE'S FOURTH STREET AFTER THE QUAKE
Who will survive and who will go under?

available, preferably in outright grants rather than long-term loans. Governor Egan and other state officials hoped at the same time to kick off a \$50 million reconstruction bond issue. But in any event, Alaskans agreed that they had better get the money soon or suffer a depression and a mass exodus of the populace. Said Anchorage Times Publisher Robert Atwood: "Uncle Sam can't let this place fold up. They need us."

Notwithstanding their fears, the Alaskans were also exuding confidence. To many, the earthquake was a blessing in disguise: an opportunity to rebuild the state, a chance to tear down the rest of the antiquated and otherwise unsuitable structures in the towns and to create modern cities that could blossom in a fresh and viable economy. "The history of areas like this," said Anchorage Banker Elmer Rasmussen, "is that they rebuild and get much better than they were before. I'm satisfied that we have

the closest John McCormack has come to the White House yet."

It was like that during much of the Easter weekend at Lyndon Johnson's ranch outside Johnson City. The President may exude slow-spoken, sober-sided sincerity during his public appearances in Washington. But let him get a whiff of a spring-fresh Texas range dotted with cattle and Angora goats, and suddenly he comes on like a cross between a teenage Grand Prix driver and a back-to-nature Thoreau in cowboy boots.

"Whoee! Whoee!" One afternoon, the President gazed dreamily around his spread and sighed contentedly to reporters assembled: "The cows are fat. The grass is green. The river's full, and the fish are flopping." To prove it, he hopped into his Continental to play tour guide, invited in four reporters, including Hearst's pretty blonde Marianne Means and two other newswom-



L.B.J. WITH PORKER & REPORTER MEANS (IN DARK GLASSES)

"The grass is green. The river's full, and the fish are flopping."

en. More reporters and photographers scrambled into five other Johnson-owned vehicles, and the whole caravan jounced at high speeds across a pasture, zigzagging around dung mounds and clusters of fat white-faced cattle.

At one point, Johnson pulled up near a small gathering of cattle, pushed a button under the dashboard—and a cow horn bawled from beneath the gleaming hood. Heifers galloped toward the car while photographers clicked away and the President looked pleased. As he drove, Johnson talked about his cattle, once plunged into what one startled newswoman called "a very graphic description of the sex life of a bull."

Later, Johnson came across a sow with half a dozen tiny piglets. He stopped and told photographers he would pose for pictures with a pig "if you can catch one." They started chasing the little pigs, and just as Country Boy Johnson had known all along, the angry sow charged the frightened photographers. While the city slickers fell all over themselves eluding the sow, Johnson guffawed exuberantly, honked his cow horn repeatedly and roared. "Whooeee!"

Other U.S. Presidents were high-velocity types too. Ulysses S. Grant was fined for driving a horse-drawn carriage down M Street at an "unreasonable" rate of speed. Woodrow Wilson's driver scared the dashlights out of newsmen by "reckless driving and excessive speed." In 1919, two reporters died in crashes while trying desperately to keep up with Wilson's car. In 1921, state cops clocked Warren G. Harding's car at 38 m.p.h. as it zipped through Havattsville, Md. The speed limit was 15 m.p.h., but no arrest was made. After he left office, Harry Truman was stopped for cutting in front of a patrol on the Pennsylvania Turnpike. And Dwight Eisenhower used to be in such a hurry to get from Washington to his Gettysburg farm that reporters insisted they sometimes hit 100 m.p.h. on narrow Maryland highways trying to keep up. In 1957, vigilant state cops ordered part of the presidential motorcade to pull over, told trailing reporters they would have to obey the 55-m.p.h. limit, but allowed Ike's car to whip along up to 70 m.p.h.

Whooeee!" Finally, a pig was run to ground, and the President dutifully posed. During the tour, Reporter Means, her baby-blue eyes fastened on Johnson, cooed: "Mr. President, you're fun."

That Sky. Through all the fun, the President sipped beer from his paper cup. Eventually, he ran dry, refilled once from Marianne's supply, emptied his cup again, and took off at speeds up to 90 m.p.h. to get more. Reporters in the cars behind could scarcely keep up, and all kept a wary eye on their speedometers. In the President's car, someone gasped at how fast Johnson was driving. Quickly, Lyndon took one hand from the wheel, removed his five-gallon hat and flopped it on the dashboard to cover the speedometer. Later, White House Press Secretary George Reedy—in a statement almost as foolhardy as the President's driving—tried to deny that Johnson had exceeded Texas' 70 m.p.h. speed limit.

At sunset, after two hours of hair-raising sightseeing, Johnson sped to a lonely granite knob that overlooks miles of ranchland. Suddenly meditative, he gazed at the stunning panorama before him. "Look at that sky," he said. "Why would anyone want to leave here and go back and fight."

DEMOCRATS

Scrubbed

Wearing brown and white patterned pajamas, Astronaut John Glenn Jr., 42, smiled wanly as orderlies wheeled his bed past the television cameras set up in the hospital lounge at Texas' Lackland Air Force Base. Quipped Glenn, the first American to orbit the earth, "Some re-entry, isn't it?"

Glenn deeply felt the irony of it all. "We've been through 150 missions in two wars, having planes shot up from under us," he told newsmen. "We've been through test flying and the flight

into orbit. And we've never been scratched in these other activities."

No Gomes. But there he was, laid out by a freak accident six weeks ago, just as he was getting ready to begin his campaign for the Democratic senatorial nomination from Ohio. Glenn slipped on a throw rug, while trying to hoist a mirror back onto its tracks in the bathroom of his Columbus apartment, and cracked the left side of his head against the bathtub. The blow injured his inner ear, disrupting the vital apparatus that governs coordination, equilibrium and balance (see MEDICINE). Glenn had hoped that he would recover in time to resign from the Marines and wage a whirlwind campaign against peppery but aging (74) Democratic Senator Stephen Young before Ohio's May 5 primary. But a panel of specialists who examined him two weeks ago advised him that he would have to take it easy for at least the next several months.

That was enough for Glenn, even though some Democrats figured that he could give Young a good run for the nomination from his sickbed. "I told him he could win lying on his back in the hospital," said Ohio Representative Wayne Hays. But, Glenn, who was released from the hospital and went on convalescent leave at week's end, said, "I did not want to run just as a well-known name. No man has a right to ask for a seat in either branch of the Congress merely because of a specific event such as orbiting the earth."

In Cleveland and Columbus, crestfallen Glenn supporters shuttered their offices, and in Akron they refunded \$20,000 worth of tickets to a \$100-a-plate Glenn dinner. A few refused to give up, despite Glenn's insistence that "I am not playing games; I have withdrawn." Meeting in Columbus, a score of Glenn men decided to continue campaigning for him, since his decision to pull out came too late for his name to be removed from the ballot. "He's a guy who's gonna get better," said John



GLENN & WIFE IN HOUSTON HOME

"No man has a right . . ."

Wiethe, Democratic chairman of Hamilton County (Cincinnati).

Little Chance. The reluctance among some Ohio Democrats to drop Glenn is easily understood. They figure that Steve Young has little chance of defeating the odds-on favorite to win the G.O.P. primary, Congressman Robert A. Taft Jr. Now Glenn stands to draw a sizable but meaningless vote in the primary, and Steve Young will be the Democrats' man. And the way political observers see it, that probably means Ohio will have another Taft as Senator.

REPUBLICANS

New Leader

So far, Henry Cabot Lodge, the U.S. Ambassador to South Viet Nam, has made a city in Southeast Asia a viable—and valuable—seat from which to seek the Republican presidential nomination. For five months, he has not shown his face in the U.S. During that time, he has uttered no public word about politics—and what he said otherwise was usually in defense of the Southeast Asian policies of a Democratic Administration. Yet his absence and his silence have made him the hottest property on the Republican scene.

Last week the Gallup poll reported that Lodge, stuck in Saigon, is the first choice of U.S. Republican voters. This was in sharp contrast to a similar poll taken before Lodge ran away with the New Hampshire primary on March 10. Then Lodge rated a poor third, behind former Vice President Richard Nixon and Arizona's Senator Barry Goldwater. The latest Gallup findings:

	Now	Early March
Lodge	42%	16%
Nixon	26%	34%
Goldwater	14%	17%
Nelson Rockefeller	6%	13%
William Scranton	4%	5%
George Romney	4%	6%
Others	4%	9%

Almost as interesting were the findings of the Field poll in California. Lodge is not even entered in the June 2 primary, and write-in votes are not counted in California. Yet the survey indicated that if California Republicans did have their choice, they would vote like this:

Lodge	31%
Goldwater	25%
Nixon	21%
Rockefeller	12%
Romney	3%
Scranton	3%
Smith	1%
Slatten	less than 1%
No choice	4%

The Phantom Candidate

Cabot Lodge's chance to score one last impressive win before the Republican Convention will come in Oregon's free-for-all May 15 primary, when all major Republican contenders will be on the ballot.

Last week Lodge workers, still full of pizzazz from their New Hampshire sur-



NIXON WITH LODGE IN SAIGON

"It would be a mistake to be overoptimistic."

prise, opened campaign headquarters in Portland. Headed by Paul Grindle, a Cambridge importer, and Boston Lawyer David Goldberg, the organization talked poor-mouth, reported that of their \$25,000 costs in New Hampshire, only \$8,000 has actually been paid. A money-raising drive is on in Boston, Washington and New York. The Lodge men figure they will need another \$75,000 for the Oregon campaign—even though they plan no billboards, radio or newspaper advertising.

Eye on the Ball. Most of the cash will go for a flood of direct-mail literature. The organization has purchased—for roughly 1¢ a name—mailing lists of thousands of Oregon Republicans. Rationalized Goldberg about the organization's money shortage: "If you're given too much money, you can do everything, and that's too much. It's a great diffusion. You lose your sense of priority. You take your eye off the ball. Our way, you must develop a sense of discipline."

Lodge, who insists he will not leave Saigon to campaign, got support on his absenteeism from Richard Nixon, now a Pepsi-Cola lawyer touring the Far East. After a two-hour talk with Lodge last week, Nixon emerged to say the two men had "covered everything significant about this political year." What did Nixon think of the U.S.'s current policies in Viet Nam? "So far, there's been doubt and inconsistency about the goal, there's been an inadequacy of personnel to carry out the plan, there's been inconsistency of planning. I don't know how good the present plan is. It would be a mistake to be overoptimistic." And how did he think Lodge's Viet Nam involvement might affect his run for the G.O.P. nomination? Hedged Nixon: "People I've spoken with here generally rate him as doing a good job. But he is not a policymaker. That's done in Washington." All in all, Nixon made it clear that he thought Lodge's

interest—and presumably his own—would be best served if Lodge stayed in Saigon a bit longer.

Ready for Tahiti. Less philosophical about the Ambassador's phantom candidacy were Barry Goldwater and Nelson Rockefeller. Goldwater, campaigning in California, let fly at a San Francisco news conference: "With all due respect to Mr. Lodge, whom I consider a good friend of mine, it would be impossible to sell him to the Republican Party after his performance in 1960. If he or Rockefeller had worked just half as hard as the rest of us worked, Richard Nixon would be in the White House today." What did Barry think of Lodge's refusal to come home? "This is a sad commentary on the state of American politics. A Lodge victory in Oregon would mean a victory for Madison Avenue; it would have a decided effect on American politics. Campaigning would become completely Madison Avenue-ized." Said Goldwater with a wry smile: "I'm very interested in a trip to Tahiti, so if the Lodge approach works, then I'll go to Tahiti and campaign."

Rockefeller, plugging away in Oregon and California, labeled Lodge "a part of the Democratic Administration and a candidate who is working from out there very hard." Cried Rocky: "I think that the ambassador is running and running hard, and that he is running from the privileged sanctuary of diplomatic immunity."

Back in Saigon, Cabot Lodge said nothing.

POLITICAL NOTES

Slogan of the Week

By Michigan's Republican Congressman Gerald Ford: "There was no Wall in Berlin, no Soviet hardware in Cuba, no coalition in Laos, when President Eisenhower turned over the reins to his successor."



MACARTHUR RETURNS TO LEYTE, 1944
A name to stir a thousand memories.

HEROES

MacArthur

A great warrior has no need for earthly titles or given names. His surname alone is enough to stir a thousand memories. It is part of his uniform, his face, the sound of his voice: it denotes the full measure of the man—his personality, his power, his exploits.

Such a man died last week. For the record, he was a five-star General of the Army, and his first name was Douglas. But there was no need in New Guinea or on Corregidor or in the Solomons or Tokyo or on any of the continents of the earth to ask his title or by what name his parents had christened him. It was enough to say—MacArthur.

Larger Than Life. One of the most brilliant soldiers of all time, MacArthur stamped out his character and achievement on a full half-century of history. In another age, he might have been an emperor. He envisioned himself as a child of destiny. Like Alexander, Caesar and Napoleon, he conceived and fought monumental battles with huge armies, and like those bygone warriors, he viewed his times and his own acts as decisive in history. His triumphs and his failures often thrust him into whirlwinds of international controversy. He generated stubborn loyalties and intense hatreds. He was a realist who by the strength of his personality succeeded in making himself larger than life. He was a master of the imperial gesture, the meaningful touch that lent grandeur and drama to his image. His nation bestowed on him the Medal of Honor and 20 other decorations for gallantry and extraordinary valor, and he received similar decorations from many other countries. Yet he seldom wore a medal, and he could stand midst a troop of ribbon-festooned heroes and, by the jaunt of his corncock pipe or the tilt of his old but gold-glittering garrison cap, appear positively Olympian.

His orations often seemed florid. Yet he could be succinct and moving when the occasion demanded. In early 1942, he was ordered to leave beleaguered Corregidor before it fell to the Japa-

nese. "We go," he cried, "during the Ides of March." And that is when he went. "I shall return," he pledged on his arrival in Australia. And when he set foot once more in the Philippines nearly three years later, he proclaimed: "I have returned!" His utterances were by turn axiomatic ("In war, there can be no substitute for victory"), grandiloquent ("Though I am a Caesar, I rendered unto God that which was his"), or eloquently simple, as when he spoke at a cemetery near Pearl Harbor: "I did not know the dignity of their birth, but I do know the glory of their death." Nowhere did he seem to hold history more firmly in his hands than when, relieved of his Korean command in 1951, he stood before a joint session of the Congress and said:

"I am closing my 52 years of military service. When I joined the Army, even before the turn of the century, it was the fulfillment of all my boyish hopes and dreams. The world has turned over many times since I took the oath on the plain at West Point, and the hopes and dreams have long since vanished, but I still remember the refrain of one of the most popular barracks ballads of that day, which proclaimed most proudly that old soldiers never die—they just fade away. And like the old soldier of that ballad, I now close my military career and just fade away, an old soldier who tried to do his duty as God gave him the light to see that duty. Goodbye."

Kid General. If MacArthur had a vision of his own greatness, he had better reasons than most men. His father was Arthur MacArthur, "the Boy Colonel of the West." Arthur joined the Union forces in his home state of Wisconsin, became one of the youngest regimental commanders of the war. At 18, he led an assault on Missionary Ridge, and for his courage won the Medal of Honor. As a lieutenant general, he put down the Philippine Insurrection at the turn of the century, became commanding U.S. general in the Philippines and U.S. military governor of the islands.

Douglas, born in Little Rock in 1880, traveled with his family to posts in the Pacific and the raw West. He entered

West Point at 19, graduated at the head of his class in 1903. Commissioned in the Corps of Engineers, he served a hitch in the Philippines, was his father's aide-de-camp in 1905 when Arthur MacArthur was sent to Japan as an observer during the Russo-Japanese War.

By 1917, MacArthur was a seasoned officer. He conceived the idea of creating a division made up of National Guard units from various states. He dubbed it the Rainbow Division (the 42nd), was appointed chief of staff, helped hone it into a tough fighting force and went with it to war. The famous 42nd fought its way through the bloody St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne offensives. MacArthur himself was gassed and wounded, but led his men in those actions and half a dozen others. When the Armistice came, he was division commander and known as the "Kid General."

After serving with the occupation forces, he returned to the U.S. for a stint as superintendent of West Point, and two more assignments in the Philippines. By that time, he was already a man of towering repute. President Hoover appointed him Army Chief of Staff and made him a full general in 1930. He reorganized the U.S. continental forces into a viable four-army fighting machine. He was also something of a legendary character who (it was said) wielded the longest cigarette holder in the Army. But his reputation suffered in the bitter 1932 "Victory of Anaecostia Flats," when he flourished a riding crop and with a military force routed the bonus-marchers from Washington.

Destiny! MacArthur was convinced, despite America's obsession with neutrality, that war would inevitably come to the Pacific. The Philippines, he felt, were the key outpost in the U.S. Pacific line of defense. MacArthur's long association with the islands and with their people drew him once more to the Philippines. In 1937, after he had become Field Marshal of the Philippine Commonwealth's army, he gave up his U.S. commission. Americans on the Islands called him "the Napoleon of Luzon," but he single-mindedly pursued his goal. "By God!" he told a newsmen in 1940,

"it was destiny that brought me here!" In July 1941, President Franklin Roosevelt recalled MacArthur to service, gave him command of the U.S. Army forces in the Far East and transferred the newly built Philippine army into the U.S. forces. It was too late. The Philippines were doomed under the Japanese attacks in early 1942.

The memory of the fall of Bataan and Corregidor drove MacArthur through a brilliant Pacific campaign. He was one of the first Army generals to be sold on the potential of strategic air power. With Lieutenant General George C. Kenney as his No. 1 air strategist, he mounted furious assaults upon the Japanese land and naval forces that had smothered the Pacific islands. "It doesn't matter how much you have, so long as you fight with what you have," he said. "It doesn't matter where you fight, so long as you fight. Because where you fight, the enemy has to fight too, and even though it splits your force, it must split his force also. So fight, on whatever the scale, whenever and wherever you can. There is only one way to win victories. Attack, attack, attack!"

Supported by naval and air power, MacArthur attacked constantly, leaping through a series of coastal assaults on key islands that isolated the Japanese chunk by chunk. In October 1944, he landed on Leyte; three months later he was back on Luzon; and 25 days after that, he claimed Manila. Cried MacArthur: "On to Tokyo!" On Sept. 2, 1945, as Supreme Commander for the Allied Powers, he accepted the Japanese surrender aboard the battleship *Missouri* in Tokyo Bay.

Wrong War? MacArthur capped that great achievement with still another. For nearly six years he was U.S. commander of the Occupation—in effect, the Yankee Emperor of Japan. He gave the Japanese a constitution and a will to create a new life, and for that he was idolized as much as if he had been a

god. MacArthur himself enjoyed his new job immensely. Efficient, indefatigable, imperious in everything he did, he struck outsiders as a benign but egocentric despot. MacArthur hardly bothered to listen to what others had to say, for he liked to talk himself. But when he spoke, he exhibited an uncommon grasp of a wide variety of non-military subjects, from economics to politics. Even the most skeptical of his visitors went away murmuring incredulously about "that amazing man!"

Then, in June 1950, destiny beckoned again. Communist-trained North Koreans invaded the Republic of South Korea. The United Nations, urged by the U.S., gathered its armies to throw them back, and MacArthur once more turned to battle, this time as Supreme U.N. Commander in Chief for Korea. In a bold, perilous and perfectly executed amphibious flanking stroke, he landed his forces behind enemy lines at Inchon, drove a wedge through the Red armies, and turned the tide of the war. His announced "win the war" offensive was evidently a success; the troops, he said, would "be home for Christmas." And then the roof fell in. Out of the north swept swarms of "volunteer" Chinese Communist soldiers. Pouring across the Yalu River, they enveloped U.S. Marine contingents at Chosin Reservoir. Swiftly the Chinese pushed the U.N. forces back; MacArthur dug in for a bloody, stalemated, seesaw battle for little pieces of real estate. It was a new war. Christmas came and went.

MacArthur was convinced that he could win the war only by throwing Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalist Chinese forces into the fight on the Chinese mainland and by carrying the war across the Yalu River into Manchuria. President Harry Truman and his Joint Chiefs of Staff argued that such tactics would inevitably bring Communist China into the Korean war. It would be, explained General Omar Bradley, chairman of the Joint Chiefs, "the wrong war at the wrong place at the wrong time with the wrong enemy."

Through various messages sent to the States, MacArthur set forth his strong opposing views. Then, in March 1951, just four days after he was notified that the U.N. planned to proclaim its willingness to discuss a Korean settlement, MacArthur himself declared that he was ready to meet the enemy in the field to talk about peace; implied was a threat that otherwise MacArthur would extend the war beyond the Korean border. On April 11, Truman, after consulting the Joint Chiefs, fired MacArthur because he felt that the General was "unable to give his wholehearted support" to the policies of the Administration and the United Nations.

MacArthur returned to the U.S. and one of the wildest hero's welcomes ever accorded an American. With him came his wife Jean (a first marriage, to Louise Cromwell Brooks in 1922, had ended in divorce seven years later), and his son Arthur, who was born in the Philip-

pines in 1938. MacArthur made his eloquent farewell address to the Congress, testified before a congressional joint investigation committee. Both he and Truman continued to have their say—in tendentious statements, in books and in articles. Neither budged a whit from his position—and neither, probably, could ever be proved wrong.

Nostalgia & Splendor. Thus Korea brought MacArthur's military career to a dramatic but unhappy end. Named board chairman of Remington Rand Inc. (now the Sperry Rand Corp.), he lived in lonely splendor high in Manhattan's Waldorf Towers. He made a nostalgic trip back to the Philippines three years ago, attended Arthur's 1961 graduation from Columbia University, otherwise rarely appeared in public.

Last year his longtime aide, Major General Courtney Whitnev, found MacArthur writing in precise, Victorian handscript across page after page of ruled paper. MacArthur explained that he was writing his "reminiscences." The memoirs, completed in six months' time, ran to more than 200,000 words; three installments have appeared in *LIFE* Magazine so far.

With the memoirs out of the way, MacArthur resumed his quiet, circumscribed routine. At 84, he was still a fine, bayonet-straight specimen of a soldier. Then, early in March, doctors at Washington's Walter Reed Hospital operated on him and removed his gall bladder. He appeared to progress fairly well after that, but soon he began to fail. For four weeks he fought tenaciously to live. Doctors performed two more major operations. It seemed that no ordinary man could withstand such punishment, but incredibly, MacArthur clung to life. Then at last he let go, drifted into a coma. His great will was no longer a match for his old body.

When he lay dying, he sent word to the men who grieved: "I am going to do the very best I can." He always did. He was MacArthur.



1918: RAINBOW COMMANDER IN FRANCE
The tilt of his cap . . .



1950: U.N. COMMANDER AT INCHON
. . . spoke louder than medals.

THE HEMISPHERE

BRAZIL

Goodbye to Jango

If ever there was a popular revolution, it was the one that last week toppled Brazilian President João ("Jango") Goulart. In São Paulo, samba dancers whirled through the streets, singing, shouting and kicking. In Rio, some 300,000 cariocas pranced and danced along the Avenida Presidente Vargas beneath a storm of confetti, tooting carnival horns, waving handkerchiefs, clapping every back within reach. At a Copacabana restaurant, three tired, rain-drenched college boys tramped in off the street, plopped down at a table and lovingly draped a damp green, blue and yellow Brazilian flag over the fourth chair. "We are wet and dirty but not ashamed," said one dramatically. "The Communists threatened our right to carry this beautiful flag. Now we are fighting for our liberty." The man at the piano struck up the national anthem; all joined in.

President Johnson was almost as enthusiastic, and forthwith sent his "warmest good wishes" to the new President, Paschoal Ranieri Mazzilli. In Peru, Lima's *La Prensa* called the revolution a "healthy action"; in Argentina, former President Pedro Aramburu said that "democracy has won out." But despite all the enthusiasm, getting rid of Goulart was only a first and far-from-conclusive step. He had mismanaged Brazil so badly that his downfall

became inevitable, but the fruits of that mismanagement remain for his successors to cope with.

Post-Mortem. Brazil has been on the road to trouble for years. Under the spend-build, spend-build administration of Juscelino Kubitschek (1956-61), the country lavished millions on massive public works projects, including the construction of the nation's \$600 million capital of Brasília. Erratic Jânio Quadros, who took office in 1961, slapped on rigid austerity measures. But he stuck around only seven months before resigning in a fit of pique, and then Goulart—his Vice President—moved into the palace.

A wealthy rancher from Rio Grande do Sul state, Goulart learned his politics at the knee of a ranching neighbor, oldtime Brazilian Strongman Getúlio Vargas, became Labor Minister when Vargas swept back into the presidency in 1950. Jango immediately began buying labor's votes with promises of pay boosts, was finally pressured out of the ministry by the military when he tried to double Brazil's minimum wage. With Vargas' suicide in 1954, Goulart inherited the leadership of the Brazilian Labor Party, became Vice President under Kubitschek, then under Quadros, thanks to a system that permits the election of a President from one party, a Veep from another.

As President, Goulart continued wooing labor at all costs. When he needed money, he just printed it—and

Jango needed plenty, as the economy began flying apart. During his 31 months in office, the country's cost of living soared 300%. The value of the *cruzeiro* dropped 83%. The country ran up a staggering \$3.7 billion foreign debt, with almost no hope of repaying it. Foreign investors kept their capital safely at home, or sent it anywhere but to Brazil.

As ruin approached, Goulart turned desperately to the far left for political support, threatened to rewrite the constitution, which prevents a President from succeeding himself, and entrench himself in power. A left-run nation of permanent chaos loomed as an all too real prospect. And Brazil, of course, is no island: the largest and most important nation in Latin America, it could conceivably drag the rest of the continent down with it.

This prospect finally alarmed not only Brazil's conservatives but middle-



roaders and liberals as well. Even the radical groups Jango had tried to organize—unions, peasants, noncommissioned officers—in the end did not follow him. It was practically everybody against Jango and his ambitions, his ineptness, his phony reforms. At a party meeting in Rio, even the Communists turned on him. "As far as we are concerned," said one Communist leader, "Jango is dead. He was a stupid man."

Slow Groundwork. Spontaneous it seemed, but last week's revolt was actually hatched in October. At first, only half a dozen colonels were involved, and their plan was purely defensive: only if Goulart actually tried to seize dictatorial powers would they act. But as Goulart turned farther and farther left, as more and more of the demagogue came out in him, as fiscal madness multiplied, his opponents at last decided that they must act before he did, not after.

General Artur da Costa e Silva, 61, the army's senior ranking officer and one of Brazil's ablest tacticians, began organizing and planning. The plan was twofold. First, troops at Juiz de Fora, in Minas Gerais state, would rise up in rebellion. Then would follow a pause until Goulart's loyal forces were fully committed to crushing the trouble in Minas Gerais. Then a main force would march on Rio, and other commands would join the revolt. Costa e Silva's emissaries began crisscrossing the country, discreetly lining up support. "In the final days before the revolt," said Goulart's rebellious air force chief of staff, "we knew that if pilots in Rio were ordered to fly against us, they would refuse to go up."

Civilian political backing was hardly a problem. São Paulo's militantly anti-Communist Governor Ademar de Barros had been plotting his own revolt for three months, and was in secret

VICTORY CELEBRATION IN RIO



contact with the governors of several other Brazilian states. Carlos Lacerda, governor of pivotal Guanabara state, which consists mostly of the city of Rio de Janeiro, was Jango's declared enemy and would surely go along.

Planned Pause. A fortnight ago, the plot came to a boil when pro-Goulart navy and marine enlisted men rebelled against their officers and staged a sit-in strike in a Rio union hall, demanding passage of Goulart's broad and sweeping social and economic "reforms" (TIME, April 3). Far from cracking down on the mutineers for insubordination, Goulart's leftist Navy Minister gave them all weekend passes and full pardons. Newspapers, middle-road and right-wing politicians sensed that Goulart was bent on the swift formation of a socialist regime, and began a clamor of public protest.

Up to then, ex-President Juscelino Kubitschek (1956-61) had never publicly criticized Goulart. But now his patience had run out. He warned angrily: "Goulart has gone too far." Instead of falling back, Goulart last week went before a meeting of military police noncoms to accuse the army and navy brass of "carrying out intrigues" against him, and to label the opposition "a minority of privileged ones who live with eyes turned toward the past." So worked up was Goulart that his worried aides summoned his private physician, and the doctor stayed by his side through the rest of his speech, lest he overdo it.

The morning after Goulart's speech, the troops rose in Minas Gerais: a force of 10,000 soldiers marched off toward Rio. Then came the pause planned by the plotters, and with it a gap in the news that set all of Brazil speculating: had the revolt failed? Was it all a false alarm? The next morning, Goulart responded by ordering the 1st Infantry

Division, supposedly loyal to him, to put down the Minas Gerais revolt.

Once Goulart's troops were committed and on the road, however, all doubt ended. Suddenly, 14 Brazilian states stood in open rebellion: two of the country's four armies had risen, and the other two were wavering. When Goulart's 1st Infantry Division met the Minas Gerais troops, it promptly switched sides. The outlawed Communist-controlled General Labor Command tried to stage a general strike in Goulart's favor, with only spotty success. Goulart's leftist, Yankee-hating brother-in-law, Congressman Leonel Brizola, tried to mobilize peasant and Gaucho guerrillas he had armed, but they just stayed home.

Back to Brasília. The turning point came as rebel troops, led by anti-Jango General Amaury Kruel, flew from São Paulo over the defense lines Goulart had set up outside Rio and took over the city behind them. Within the city, Goulart's archenemy, Carlos Lacerda, had manned the governor's palace with 500 state troopers and barricaded it with 20 city garbage trucks still bearing an anti-litter slogan: "HELP US. WE ARE CLEANING UP THE CITY." When the tide turned against Jango, Lacerda went on television to proclaim emotionally, "God has taken pity on the people. God is good."

Jango fled, ironically enough, to the nation's capital—the remote, grandiose inland city of Brasília. But even Brasília threatened to become too hotly rebellious for comfort. Still spouting defiance, Jango flew south to still loyal Porto Alegre, stronghold of his firebrand brother-in-law and capital of his home state of Rio Grande do Sul. From there, Goulart hoped to lead a "counterattack of the legalist forces." Vowed Jango: "I will not resign. I will not put a bullet through my chest. I will resist."

Within four hours after Jango left Brasília, the Senate president gave a special joint session of Congress to order and announced that Goulart "had abandoned the site of the republic" and "left the presidency vacant." Mazzilli, president of the Chamber of Deputies and next in line of succession, thereupon became chief of state automatically—even though it took Goulart one more day to accept the inevitable and follow his lovely wife, Maria Tereza, and his two children to exile in Uruguay. Only a few scattered shots were ever fired in his defense. Those who saw him just before his plane took off from the airport said he was a beaten man, verging on tears.

Within 30 days, Congress must elect a "permanent temporary" President to fill out the rest of Goulart's term, which runs until January, 1966. No real presidential candidate will want to jeopardize his chances in next year's elections by becoming an interim President illegally forbidden to succeed himself. At week's end seven of Brazil's key states



INTERIM PRESIDENT MAZZILLI
A vacancy filled.

had already endorsed General Humberto Castelo Branco for the temporary job. One of the key plotters and Goulart's army chief of staff, General Branco handled many of the top contacts before the revolt. Behind the scenes, real power will be held by the civilian leaders of the revolt—the governors of several states, including Carlos Lacerda. Other potentially powerful men, such as ex-President Kubitschek, wait in the wings.

A Start. In the first flush of revolutionary fervor, Brazil's right and center went after the left. Crowds burned out the headquarters of the left-dominated National Students Union. The left-leaning governor of Pernambuco was packed off to exile on a lonely island in the Atlantic, along with a passel of Communists and other assorted leftists. Brother-in-law Brizola was last seen gunning up the highway out of Porto Alegre in a borrowed green Volkswagen. Moscow recalled its ambassador; the Cuban ambassador braced for a diplomatic break any moment. The U.S. promised sympathy and aid.

But Brazil itself still has an uphill fight ahead. It will have to re-create a business climate that will appeal anew to foreign investors long ago disenchanted. It must assure the U.S. that solid economic aid will not just be led, greenback by greenback, onto a fire of inflation. It must inspire a sense of national responsibility among its people. That means that labor must forgo any more of those massive 75% and 100% raises long demanded—and worn—under Jango. The government will have to slow down the money presses and cut back overloaded federal payrolls. Manufacturers will have to hold the line on prices. But at least by dumping Goulart, Brazil has made a start along the road to confidence in itself. Over one 24-hour period during the revolution, Rio's black-market exchange rate for cruzeiros dropped from 2,200 to the dollar to 1,300.



SENHORA GOULART & CHILDREN IN EXILE
A republic abandoned.

CUBA

Deadly Witness

Fidel Castro's obsession is absolute mastery over his Red island. When things do not go as he wants them to, the result is uncontrolled fury. Two weeks ago Castro stormed into Cuba's Supreme Court chambers as a "witness" in a trial that he felt had not been handled his way.

The case in point involved a long-standing, half-hidden dispute between Cuba's Communist old guard and Castro's newer crowd. It centered around Marcos Armando Rodriguez, who, although only 26, was a member of the old guard (he started early). At the beginning of Castro's revolution, Rodriguez had little to do with Fidel and was accused of informing against four of Fidel's allies. After living abroad for years, Rodriguez was virtually ordered back to Cuba by Castro's men, placed on trial on the old charges last month. But during the trial, damaging rumors spread that other high party officials had sought to cover up for Rodriguez. Furious, Castro ordered another trial, insisting that "pseudo-revolutionaries" must be taught a lesson. Then he took the stand himself and ranted for nearly five hours against Rodriguez and anyone who had helped him.

Two of the men so fingered by "Witness" Castro were the editor of the newspaper *Revolucion* and the vice minister of the armed forces. The editor lost his job, and the vice minister obediently made a public breast-beating confession of his errors. To Castrologists, all this meant that Castro was making sure that the old-guard Communists knew who was boss.

Meanwhile, what of Defendant Rodriguez? In court, he only mumbled: "Do what you must." Last week he was ordered shot.

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

Struggling Forward

Convinced that President Juan Bosch was veering too far left, Dominican Republic military leaders turned him out last September. In his place, they set up what they considered a reliably docile civilian triumvirate too weak to do any harm—or any good. But when the junta went through its inevitable first shake-up last December, out went one of its members and in stepped Donald Reid Cabral, 40, a Santo Domingo auto dealer and the frail (5 ft. 6 in., 132 lbs.) but strong-willed son of a Scots banker. Since then, Reid has clearly become more equal than the others in the triumvirate. This week, as military men complained to Reid about still another member of the equal trio, his importance became even more marked.

Act Instead of Talk. Donny Reid, as Dominicans call him, got into politics as a plotter against Dictator Rafael Leonidas Trujillo and as vice president in the Council that ruled after Trujillo's assass-



DOMINICAN CHIEF REID CABRAL
"I am in the driver's seat."

ination in 1961. Reid has no official political party ties, took no direct part in Bosch's overthrow. But, known as an able administrator, he was called upon to serve as Foreign Minister when the triumvirate first took over. "The people," says Reid, "have been deceived so many times that they no longer believe in talk. You must act instead of talk." In three months he has pruned the government payroll, has cleared the streets of student rowdies with stern warnings that he would have terrorists shot on the spot.

Reid's most crucial moment came in an earlier test of strength with military brass jealous of his influence. To get the upper hand, he recently called in the army and navy chiefs of staff one at a time to inform them of a new system of rotating the three military staff command positions every 18 months. Getting wind of Reid's maneuver, officers of the powerful air force grew restless, and coup rumors crackled through

the capital. Immediately, Reid called in the air force chief of staff—either accept the rotation plan, he put it bluntly, or lose your commission. Reid won the face-down, now boasts: "I am in the driver's seat." No formal announcement was ever made, but state papers now bear Reid's signature as junta president.

Hope Instead of Torture. The triumvirate still has not decided on any plan for a return to constitutional government, but throughout the country the assumption is growing that Donny Reid wants to become a full-fledged President. Under Reid, Castroite terrorism has petered out, food prices are lower, business confidence is returning. Last week the new U.S. ambassador, William Tapley Bennett, brought good news: renewal of a suspended \$885,000 aid commitment and a \$4,000,000 highway loan. The Dominican Republic is certainly not the showcase democracy that the U.S. once hoped for under Bosch, but at least a forward struggle has at last begun in the melancholy, dictator-tortured republic.

HAITI

Life Sentence

Outside the National Palace in Port-au-Prince last week, bands beat out the latest popular rhythm: *Papa Doc Forever*. Crowds of peasants and workers stood dutifully in the blazing sun as little Haiti's Dictator François ("Papa Doc") Duvalier, 54, smiled benignly, then allowed that "forever" was just about what he had in mind. Bowing to overwhelming popular demand, he said, he had consented to rule tiny Haiti as President for life.

For the impoverished Caribbean nation (\$70 per capita income, 90% illiteracy), it was a life sentence. Since he took office in 1957, Duvalier has ruthlessly liquidated every real or suspected foe of his regime. The 5,000-man *Tonton Macoute*, Duvalier's plainclothes bully boys, shake down merchants and terrorize peasants, while his militiamen engage in macabre voodoo orgies, playing on the belief of the superstitious population that Papa Doc has occult powers. Haitian exiles, arriving in the Dominican Republic at the other end of the Caribbean island of Hispaniola, say that the rites have included sewing up newborn babies inside sacrificial bulls. At the end of Duvalier's constitutional term last year, when he skipped elections and simply had himself inaugurated again, the U.S. broke off diplomatic relations and economic aid. But Papa Doc put down a rebel invasion, held fast, and the U.S. finally gave in, restored relations and sent back an ambassador.

Duvalier last week also assured the 4,000,000 Haitians that they could not have chosen a better man for lifetime President if they had voted on it. "I am an exceptional man," declared Papa Doc, "the kind the country could produce only once every 50 or 75 years."



PAPA DOC DUVALIER
"I am exceptional."



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THE GREAT HIGHWAY PERFORMERS

CHEVELLES BY CHEVROLET

THE WORLD

COMMUNISTS

Goulash, Mr. Mao? Revolution, Mr. K

Admirable indeed was the virtue of Hui. With a single dish of rice, a single gourd of drink, he lived in his mean, narrow lane. Yet he enjoyed his life where others suffered. Admirable indeed was the virtue of Hui.

—Confucius

Admirable indeed was the restraint of Nikita Khrushchev. From the mean, narrow lane of Chinese Communism, Mao Tse-tung has not been content to preach heresy. In the past six months he has aimed a rising torrent of abuse at the anointed heir of Marx and Lenin in Moscow. Invoking every filthy word in the canons of Communism, the Red Confucius labeled Khrushchev a revisionist splitter and quitter who has betrayed the faith by eschewing hard, revolutionary action in Africa, Asia and Latin America, espousing peaceful co-existence, and signing the nuclear test-ban treaty.

All of this the Soviet leader took—or was made to take—in the glimmering hope that a final split with China could yet be avoided. Then, last week, Mao called Khrushchev "the greatest capitulationist in history" and summoned Communists everywhere to "repudiate and liquidate" Russia's leader. With that, world Communism ripped brutally and publicly apart.

From Hungary, in the midst of a ten-day visit, Khrushchev grimly ordered into print the "revolute counterattack" he had threatened last September. Next day seven pages of Pravda were devoted

EASTBURY



PEKING'S MAO
Down revisionists!

to a scalding speech of excommunication prepared privately seven weeks ago by Soviet Ideologist Mikhail Suslov for this very contingency. Suslov, who can be as foulmouthed as Mao, damned the Chinese for "apostasy," "petty-bourgeois nationalism," "neo-Trotskyist deviation" and "hysterical" pronouncements that aligned Peking's leadership "with the most aggressive circles of imperialism."

No doubt, sneered Suslov, Mao's tantrum had not been triggered by ideological differences at all but simply by resentment at the Soviet refusal to help China build an A-bomb. Suslov even gave Mao bad Marx for putting violent worldwide revolution ahead of feeding and clothing his own people. "Neither Marx nor Lenin," he declared with biting sarcasm, "anywhere even remotely hinted that the rock-bottom task of socialist construction may be realized by the methods of leaps and cavalry charges [or by] ignoring the tasks of improving the living standards of the people."

Wind from the East. Suslov, a cadaverous, humorless court theoretician who served Stalin long before Khrushchev came to the fore, drove home his attack by disclosing that Old Stalinists Georgy Malenkov, Vyacheslav Molotov and Lazar Kaganovich, Sinophiles all, had been ousted secretly from the Communist Party in 1961. Suslov declared that the "anti-party" trio subscribed to the self-same heresies as Mao. He singled out Molotov—who had variously been Soviet Premier (in 1930) and first editor of Pravda (1912)—for particular vituperation. Harking back to the murderous Soviet purges of the 1930s, Suslov accused Molotov of attempting to surpass Stalin's brutality—he "tried to be a better Catholic than the Pope." Asked Suslov: "Is it not the restoration of these inhuman customs that the Chinese leaders are seeking?"

At least, went the Kremlin line, Khrushchev's leadership has never been inhuman. Moreover, his renunciation of "inevitable" war with the West and his promotion of "the independence and sovereignty of each Socialist nation" are wholly in accord with enlightened Leninism. This the Chinese resent because "they would like to be able to give orders in the Socialist commonwealth as in their own estate," chided Suslov. "In the sight of the practical activities of the Chinese leaders in recent years, the true political meaning of their slogan, 'The wind from the East is beginning to prevail over the wind from the West,' has become all the clearer. That slogan is nothing but an ideological and political expression of the hegemonic aspirations of the Chinese leadership."

A Night at the Opera. In Budapest, Khrushchev put his own imprimatur on Suslov's condemnation. Looking plump



MOSCOW'S KHRUSHCHEV
Up ballet

and prosperous in a bemedaled blue suit, Nikita rose expressionlessly before a tense audience at the Budapest State Opera House. Speaking slowly, almost mildly, as if he still hoped that some rapprochement could be effected, he accused the Chinese by name of "disruptive tactics" that would ultimately only serve to strengthen Soviet resolve. Ominously, to satellite ears, he hinted at an impending "reorganization" of the Soviet bloc—Marxist for sterner discipline.

In fact, he left a number of things unsaid. An earlier version of Khrushchev's speech was inadvertently—or so they said—released by Hungarian officials to Western newsmen. Khrushchev's prepared text formally excoriated Mao's mortal sins: replacing Marxist-Leninist principles with raw racism; "playing with the lives of millions" by trying to block disarmament; "maliciously separating the national liberation movements from the revolutionary struggle of the working class."

What the Country Needs. Behind the rhetoric, the fundamental conflict over the meaning, aims and methods of Communism becomes even clearer. Since Khrushchev consolidated his power in 1956, he has more and more come to define Communism's goals in ebulliently material terms that sound less like Karl Marx than onetime U.S. Vice President Thomas Riley Marshall ("What this country needs is a good five cent cigar"). Like the 19th century French and German socialists, peasant-born Nikita believes that a Marxist leader in Russia or in Europe today must satisfy the rising expectations of the Communist consumer before he can set about burying capitalism. Most of his major ventures, from the campaign to grow corn to his stepped-up

TIME COVER BY BOB CHALAPIN



SINOPHILE MALENKOV
More virtuous than Hui.

housing program, are aimed at achieving this.

Last week Khrushchev summarized his aims in characteristically earthy words: "If Lenin in 1917 had said 'forward the revolution' and promised nothing afterwards, the workers and peasants would have scratched their heads. Lenin may be a good guy, they would have said, but we want to know if we're going to have goulash and ballet." Who, suggested Khrushchev, wants to settle for a bowl of rice and a gourd of drink?

Candles for K. Though the rupture with China certainly seems irreparable, Khrushchev has yet to read the Chinese Communists out of the international movement in the fire and brimstone terms used by Stalin to proscriber Tito's Yugoslavia in 1948. In any case, the Chinese have taken out excommunication insurance by forming rump parties, in Belgium, Brazil, Australia, Ceylon, Britain and elsewhere, that would rally to Peking's side in any showdown. Additionally, Soviet bloc nations, notably Rumania, Poland and Czechoslovakia, dread any such polarization of the two Communist worlds, in the belief that Moscow would be forced to tighten its lead rein on the satellites as a result.

Khrushchev's 70th birthday celebra-

tion will bring most of the leaders on his team to Moscow next week: there the arguments for and against a showdown summit with the Chinese will outnumber the candles on the cake. Suslov has already called for a meeting of all Communist Party leaders this fall, but it is doubtful that the Chinese or their allies would show up unless they were certain they would be neither outvoted nor outslanged. Indeed, the final confrontation may never come to pass: Mao's invective last week may well have been the epitaph of Communist unity.

However the historic feud resolves itself, it would be dangerous for the West to rejoice at the spectacle of its foes divided. Khrushchev, who has proved a pragmatic if unpredictable leader, may be forced by China's hard line to prove that Soviet Marxist-Leninism can hold to just as mean and narrow a lane as Peking's road to socialism, whether or not the two great Communist powers prove to be irreparably alienated. It is a classic principle of statecraft never to fight simultaneously on two fronts. It seems likely at least that on Russia's 4,000-mile frontier with China—the world's longest border—East wind and West wind will contend for many a stormy year.

FRANCE

On to Moscow!

Gaullists, who refer to France's still inoperative nuclear deterrent as the *force de dissuasion*, have never been very precise about how or what it would dissuade. In the April issue of France's *National Defense Review*, General Charles Ailleret, chief of the general staff, comes up with a nuclear strategy custom-made to fit the force itself.

Dismissing U.S. and Soviet theories of massive annihilation as "highly improbable" unless "confirmed madmen" were in charge, Ailleret, a veteran infantryman, argues that it would take only a few nuclear strikes, "cleverly applied," to reduce the enemy to terror. Then, he reasons, "a rapid and brutal invasion by mechanized forces" would cause the enemy to "collapse through panic." Ailleret does not say flatly which side would panic first in such a war, but concludes confidently that victory would go to the government that is "capable of assuring the nation, through a sufficiently solid framework, of a stability that will permit its nerves to hold as long as possible." Meaning France?

BELGIUM

B: Strike

For three hours, a hemorrhaging pregnant Antwerp housewife with four children waited for an ambulance to take her to the hospital. Before it arrived, she died. In Louvain, a four-year-old girl suffocated to death while her

parents tried for an hour and a half to summon medical assistance. All over Belgium last week, the sick and the dying similarly went without medical attention, except—when it could be provided—in dire emergencies. The reason was a crippling doctors' strike in which 85% of the nation's 12,000 physicians and dentists closed their offices.

Cause of the strike was a new government law that pegged fixed medical fees under the national health insurance scheme at approximately half the prevailing rate, also extended free care to widows, orphans, the aged, and chronic invalids. Charging that the law was the first step toward socialized medicine, doctors demanded that the government raise fees by about 50% and asked for free time to treat private patients under a separate price structure. When all mediation attempts failed, the doctors hung up their stethoscopes and walked out.

Hundreds of striking medics streamed across Belgium's borders for "extended vacations" in neighboring Luxembourg, France and Germany. Those who stayed home left their phones off the hook or linked them to tape recordings that informed callers where emergency service was available. Skeleton crews of doctors at central exchanges diagnosed ailments and prescribed treatment over the phone. Military hospitals also opened their wards to civilians, while corporation doctors, few of whom joined the strikers, doubled up in overcrowded hospitals and clinics.

Throughout Belgium, thousands of workers staged angry, anti-doctor demonstrations. The government empowered local authorities to draft medics in emergencies. But the doctors were not easily intimidated. Said bearded Dr. André Wijnen, leader of the strike: "We must continue our action until the law is revoked."

GREAT BRITAIN

The Clacton Gigue

Where to go for a giggle? In the teen joints of Soho, the word went out: make it Clacton. Like a flock of noisy starlings, more than 1,000 youths buzzed into the dismal North Sea resort for Britain's four-day Easter holiday. The weather was foul—and so, Clactonians decided, were their visitors. Most of the invaders "slept rough" on the beach, warmed only by their "birds" (girl friends) and quantities of "purple hearts" (goofballs). Inevitably, the giggling had to stop, for Clacton's invaders belonged to London's two hostile teen cults: the "Mods" (for Moderns), foppishly dressed youths who drive souped-up, chrome-plated scooters; and the "Rockers," who wear black boots, black leather jackets, drive powerful motorcycles, and scorn the Mods as "queer." The rumble erupted on the second day.

Roving mobs of cold, bored teen-



OLD STALINIST MOLOTOV
More Catholic than the Pope.

agers swarmed over Clacton's pier, smashing windows, overturning cars, stealing liquor. Pistol in hand, one youth used a big storefront window for target practice. When a local type admonished the rioters, he was tossed over a 20-ft. bridge. Clacton police called for reinforcements from a neighboring town, fought pitched battles with the teen-agers, many of whom were armed with ax handles and furniture legs. Finally the bobbies restored order; over 60 youths were arrested on charges ranging from burglary to assault.

Wild Ones. The Clacton riot climaxed a longtime rivalry between the sartorially splendid Mods and the hot-rodding Rockers. One British sociologist claims that their hostility is based on class. The Mods are artisans and office workers, he claims, and look down on the Rockers, who tend to be scruffy

naked than don a leather jacket. Mod styles tend toward pastels and velvet, collarless polo shirts with horizontal stripes, and ankle-high "plimsols" (sneakers) with thick white rubber soles. Mod girls wear no jewelry and no makeup save brown eye shadow and false eyelashes. Hairdos are short: flat shoes are in. Skirts vary from ankle-length to mid-calf.

The fashion Mecca for Mods is Soho's Carnaby Street, where a string of shops offers pink denim shirts, crimson leather vests and blazing red tartan pants for ultra-slicks. Most of the shops are owned by a young entrepreneur named John Stephen, who has wholeheartedly embraced Detroit's idea of planned obsolescence. Pants are pegged one month, bell-bottomed the next. "To the person who keeps up," says one of Stephen's clerks, "style can change ex-

that demonstrates new dances on a popular TV record show. *Ready, Steady, Go*. When they got married last month, Patrick, ever aware of his sartorial responsibilities, wore a curly-brimmed grey bowler, velvet-collared thigh-length jacket and a grey velvet waistcoat. The bride wore a "skinny strapless evening gown." "We don't really like to fight," explained one Mod after the Clacton giggle. "Our clothes cost too much."

SAUDI ARABIA

Allah's Choice

At King Ibn Saud's deathbed in 1953, Prince Feisal of Saudi Arabia swore a mighty oath on the Koran that he would never usurp the kingship from the half brother who became King Saud. Last week, not for the first time, Saud, 63,



MOD GIRLS



SCOOTER COVEY
Birds, purple hearts, and leather jackets for warmth.



ROCKER CHAP

worker types. As a London Mod explains the feud, "The Rockers are just interested in their cycles. This isolates them. Mods are more aware, fast moving. Hip. With us, it's like a club. If you wear the right clothes, you're accepted."

The Rockers have no desire to be accepted. At truck stops outside London, they sit by the hour rolling cigarettes and jabbering intently about motorcycles. Only when a covey of new cyclists roars into the parking lot do they look up to see "who's got a new bike." Though they all look like Marlon Brando in *The Wild One*, they worry about their reputation as troublemakers, claim gravely: "That film did us a lot of harm." The Rockers do not conceal their disdain for the Mods. "The money we spend tripping around and going places, they spend on clothes," sniffs one. For a Rocker, clothes are strictly functional. "People don't seem to realize that a leather jacket is the warmest thing to wear when riding."

A Mod, by contrast, would rather go

every week. But some suits are in style for months."

Top Faces. London's top Mod hang-out is an ill-lit, black-walled club called The Scene, which boasts 7,000 members; at least 600 can be found dancing there to phonograph music every night. Mods change dances even faster than they change trouser-widths. The "Shake" and the "Bird" are both passé, and only the Rockers would be caught doing the Twist. The current dance craze is something called the "Face Twist," which has a tricky hand and heel movement that resembles a cross between a hula dance and a *High Noon* gun draw. While the Mods are still loyal to the Beatles, they have resurrected Bill Haley, one of the originators of rock 'n' roll, as their idol. "The pop papers said that Bill Haley would never come back," says one Mod. "It just proves they were wrong."

Modland's heroes are called "faces." Top faces right now are Patrick Kerr and Theresa Confrey, a young couple

kept his crown only because Feisal proved a man of his word. But the nominal kingship and his allowance—which was halved to a mere \$20 million a year—were all that Saud retained. The six-year power struggle between the two brothers culminated in a bloodless palace coup in which Saud was stripped of every power and Feisal became Regent in his place.

This time it seemed final. Ailing, scheming, archconservative with all but cash—and wildly profligate with that—Saud has repeatedly landed himself and his country so deeply in trouble that only Crown Prince Feisal, as his able longtime Premier, could bail him out. Then, when the immediate difficulty blew over, Saud sought to resume absolute power and cancel Feisal's cautious reforms. Just three months ago, Saud attempted a quick military grab (TIME, Jan. 3), which fizzled when he could not even trust the royal guard to back him.

After his trip to Cairo for the January "Arab summit meeting" of heads of



HINDU REFUGEES IN BENGAL
Pawns in a vengeful diaspora.

anti-Israel states, Saud spent weeks politicking at home with the help of several sons and campaign photos of himself embracing Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser, whom he had once plotted to assassinate. Fortnight ago, thinking that he had rebuilt his prestige, King Saud decreed Faisal's resignation.

In reply, Faisal convoked a council of the vast Saudi royal family, including nearly 50 princes of the blood, assorted sheiks and religious patriarchs. The council issued a *fatwa*, a religious fiat, that declared Saud no longer able to govern and authorized his brother to "discharge all external and internal affairs of state without having to refer to the King." When the news was announced by radio, every transistorized tribesman who was tuned to Mecca knew that this time it was the will of Allah.

Though they balked until a plane was actually warming up to cart them off into exile, King Saud's five rebellious sons finally kissed Faisal's hand in submission last week. Their capitulation may ease family pressure to banish Saud himself. Meanwhile Faisal, whose reforms in the past 18 months have disarmed the regime's Nasserite opposition, found his hand greatly strengthened. In an interview with an Arab journalist at the Saudi capital of Riyadh, the relaxed Regent even hinted that he plans to lead the country to true constitutional monarchy.

INDIA

Always the Twain Shall Flee

In West Bengal, on the Indian side of the border, trains from East Pakistan these days bring pitiful loads of Hindu refugees clutching all their worldly goods in a few thin knapsacks. On the Pakistani side, exhausted, tattered Moslems from India trudge endlessly toward a refugee camp in Jessore.

On both sides, Indian and Pakistani

exiles are pawns in a vast, vengeful diaspora unequalled since the migrations that followed the 1947 partitioning of the subcontinent between Hindu India and Moslem Pakistan. The two-way exodus was restarted this year by a savage, three-month wave of Hindu-Moslem rioting, mostly in eastern India and East Pakistan: the conflict has already taken untold hundreds of lives in two countries. India claims that some 200,000 Hindus have been forced to flee Pakistan. Pakistan claims that some 200,000 Moslems have been forced to flee India. For all their indignation, neither side has yet found the way or the will to end the vicious circle of death and flight.

Like Flies. Arriving last week in West Bengal's Gede station, Mrs. Nipubala Nag, a Hindu from Pakistan, dabbed tears from her eyes as she told of a Moslem mob that burst in on terrified Hindu mill workers in Dacca, East Pakistan's capital, with daggers, axes and steel bars. Among the dead were her husband and 19-year-old son. At Jessore, grey-bearded, shirtless Osman Ghani talked wistfully of his home and stationery shop in Calcutta, both burned to the ground by Hindu mobs. After weeks in an Indian relief camp, Ghani, his wife and three children had just made their way to Pakistan, arriving without a rupee to their name.

The migrations are a perplexing problem for both governments. At India's biggest refugee camp, in Madhya Pradesh state, 500 miles west of the East Pakistan border, 50,000 Pakistani Hindus are crammed into makeshift tents and huts. There are only six doctors for the entire camp, and in the suffocating heat (110° in the shade) children die like flies. East Pakistan has erected dozens of its own refugee camps. To hasten integration of the newcomers, some local officials have ordered villages to absorb a fixed quota of the

refugees, who come in relentless hundreds each day.

Pious Gloss. Moslem and Hindu fugitives all tell strikingly similar tales of persecution. Alike, they say that border police systematically relieve them of whatever money and jewels they have left. On both sides, fugitives protest that the only safe way across the frontier is by greasing the palms of unscrupulous fixers. Yet their governments piously gloss over the fact that the exodus is in both directions. India talks only of Hindus fleeing Pakistani atrocities. Pakistan of Moslems fleeing Indian hordes.

Finally jolted by the seriousness of the situation, India and Pakistan agreed to discuss the problem in New Delhi this week. Yet there was little hope that either nation would make any real attempt to guarantee the rights of religious minorities—a measure that both governments have consistently promised since independence.

Return of the Lion

Of all India's leaders, the man who might best have induced Hindu and Moslem to live peacefully together is one of Nehru's old comrades-in-arms, Sheikh Mohammed Abdullah, the Lion of Kashmir. Despite Kashmir's overwhelmingly Moslem population, Sheikh Abdullah believed that it was in his border state's best interest to accede to India rather than to Pakistan after the 1947 partition, and he won Nehru's solemn promise that the people of Kashmir would be permitted free elections to determine their own future—accession to Pakistan or India, or independence.

The sheik was Kashmir's first Prime Minister, and might still be in office if the Indian government had not suddenly clapped him in jail in 1953. Nehru, who is himself of Kashmiri origin, caged the Lion for his belief that India must honor its longstanding pledge to allow self-determination for Kashmir. Save for 112 days of freedom in 1958—he was rearrested when his views proved as strong as ever—the stubborn sheik has been in jail ever since.

Last week Kashmir's new Prime Minister, Ghulam Mohammed Sadiq, announced that Sheikh Abdullah, 58, would be released and that all political conspiracy charges against him had been dropped. Sadiq's move, aimed at easing religious and political tensions in the state, caught New Delhi unawares. Nehru's deputy and heir apparent, Lal Bahadur Shastri, could only stammer in answer to questions in Parliament that "as far as we know, it will be an unconditional release."

Plainly the government hoped that Sheikh Abdullah would forswear his lionine ways and calm his followers rather than hone their hopes of Kashmiri independence. As for the sheik, he allowed that his first task will be to "meet my people, know their views and understand them." He added: "Of course, I do stand for certain fundamental principles."

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INDONESIA

Help from a Bitten Hand

His reception was pointedly restrained, but the dapper, dusky VIP who debarked at the Amsterdam airport last week could hardly expect brass hands. Dr. Subandrio, Indonesia's Foreign Minister and Deputy Premier, was the highest-ranking official from Djakarta to set foot in The Netherlands since the Dutch bitterly granted his rebellious nation independence 15 years ago. His aim in "normalizing ties" has been increasingly evident for months. Like many another leader from the new nations, Indonesia's hellicose Strongman "Bung" Sukarno has had to go hat in hand to his old and derided colonial masters for help.

To the Brink. With colossal mismanagement at home and bullying adventures abroad, Sukarno has pushed his sprawling, intrinsically rich island nation to the brink of bankruptcy. On Java, where 60% of all Indonesians live, recurring drought and a rat plague have led to outright famine. Irked by Sukarno's "Crush Malaysia" campaign, the U.S. is phasing out its aid (total to date: \$896 million), last month shipped Indonesia its final 40,000 tons of American rice. Blustered Sukarno: "To hell with aid!"

Turning hopefully to Holland, Indonesia last year resumed diplomatic relations, which had been broken in 1960 during Sukarno's noisy, successful campaign to oust the Dutch from West New Guinea. The trade-minded Dutch, who are more interested in new profits than in salvaging old concessions, were eager to do business again. Last fall the Dutch signed agreements to help merchandise Indonesian rubber, coffee, copra and tea—all of which had piled up on the docks since Djakarta's anti-Malaysia campaign cut off its trade with Singapore, Indonesia's traditional marketing center.

Dream Bait. During his three-day stay, Subandrio conferred with Dutch Foreign Minister Joseph Luns and Prime Minister Victor Marijnen, was granted a 45-minute audience with Queen Juliana, to whom he relayed "hearty greetings" from Sukarno. The Dutch, who agreed not to press for immediate payments on the \$670 million worth of Dutch properties expropriated by Sukarno six years ago, signed a technical-aid agreement with Indonesia, leaving tedious business details for later discussion. Beamed Subandrio: "We have no deep political differences any more."

Having been twice bitten by Sukarno, both in Indonesia and New Guinea, the Dutch will demand tight guarantees in their dealings with him. Though in effect they are helping the dictator over the economic problems resulting from his Malaysian "confrontation," the Dutch insist that they do not intend to bolster Indonesia's harassment of the

new federation, Malaysia, whose own trade with The Netherlands runs to a healthy 575 million yearly, is not so sure—and has grounds for increasing concern about anything beneficial to Sukarno. The size of Indonesian raiding parties infiltrating Malaysia is on the increase. Last week a British military adviser reported that for the first time the Indonesian army—as opposed to guerrilla "volunteers"—had tried unsuccessfully to set up a base on Malaysian soil.

But The Netherlands' Luns agreed to visit Djakarta next July for a conference with Sukarno. If Sukarno behaves himself, the Dutch tantalizingly hinted, they might fulfill Bung's lifelong dream of a splendiferous state visit to The Netherlands.

not so easily defatigable. In one previous election, the obscure hamlet of Aden Yaval racked up twice the votes of the capital city of Mogadishu with 150,000 inhabitants. When municipal elections came around last fall, Mogadishu's voters prepared for their battle against indelibility by emptying the stores of nail-polish remover and other ink-deleting fluids days in advance of elections. But determined experimenters soon discovered that the allegedly indelible inks could be removed by home solvents ranging from gasoline to papaya juice.

Faced with such voter cunning, the Interior Ministry before the latest election grappled for weeks with the delibability factor, finally developed an ink so potent that many a horny-handed Somali ballot stuffer came down with a skin



SOMALIS HEADING FOR THE POLLS
21 parties, and only one vote for each?

SOMALIA

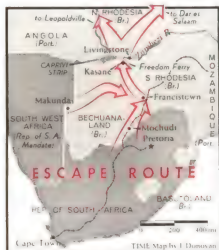
The Indelibles

If one-party democracy is often hard to tell from no-party dictatorship in Africa, Somalia is an exuberant exception. Election day brought 1,000,000 Somalis to the polls to choose among 21 political parties, including one fringe group running on the single fervent conviction that the country should import only Fiats, to ease the shortage of auto parts. If the proliferation of parties resembled the nightmare of French politics before De Gaulle, the Somalis' fist-swinging, rock-throwing, vote-early-and-often electioneering style seemed more like vintage Chicago. With African differences.

One difference is the absence of any means of voter registration. Instead, election officials traditionally dab each voter's hand with indelible ink to discourage indefatigable repeaters. But the ink always proved delible, the voters

rash. That took care of most repeaters. Despite scattered reports of over-enthusiastic balloting, not to mention a slight riot (13 dead, 20 hurt), Somalia's election was the straightest in its young history—and one of the freest in all Africa. All but final results announced last week gave the ruling, middle-road Somali Youth League of Premier Abdirashid Ali Shermarke 68 of 123 seats in the unicameral National Assembly.

The Somali election was exceptional in one other respect: it was held in the midst of a continuing shooting war, the border conflict with Ethiopia. Last week Ethiopian fighter-bombers pulled a surprise daylight raid on the Somali town of Hargeisa—less than 17 hours before the agreed start of an armistice between the two nations. The Somalis, who like fighting as much as voting, were not too perturbed. As Prime Minister Shermarke observed: "We can teach Ethiopia that democracy can be practiced while people defend their soil."



AFRICA

Captain Nelson's Freedom Ferry

A hot, leonine wind prowled through the saw grass, rattling the few gaunt thornbushes that dot the banks of the Zambezi River near Kasane. Potbellied kids squatted in the shade of round, white-walled mud huts while their mothers hacked with mattocks in the maize patches. Down at the riverbank, "Captain" Nelson Maiholwa pattered with twin 18-h.p. outboard motors slung on a ramshackle wood-and-iron pontoon. Behind him flowed the sun-dappled, grey-green Zambezi, where crocodiles, hippos and shoals of saber-toothed tigerfish eternally wait their prey. There came the sound of a laboring truck engine, and brawny, coal-black Captain Nelson peered down the rutted dirt track from the south as proudly as if Emma, Lady Hamilton were being piped aboard the poop deck. It was another load of passengers for his Freedom Ferry.

Chink in the Curtain. Most maps do not even show Kasane, in the British Protectorate of Bechuanaland. But to hundreds of thousands of blacks suffering under the indignities of South African *apartheid*, the scruffy riverside village is the gateway to Elysium. For Kasane leads to Freedom Alley, a tiny, 50-yd. stretch of border between friendly Bechuanaland and Northern Rhodesia that refugees from South and South West Africa may cross in safety. Even so, only a rifle shot west of this chink in the *apartheid* curtain, menacing reed banks mask the end of the Caprivi Strip, a narrow arm of South West Africa that is heavily patrolled by armed South African cops. To the east, a wire game-fence marks the border of white-supremacist Southern Rhodesia, which also views with suspicion this traffic in escaping Africans.

Indeed, it was only with the collapse of the Central African Federation last January that Kenneth Kaunda's Northern Rhodesian government was free to permit refugees safe passage on their way

north. Scores have already made the trip through Freedom Alley. Thousands more will follow as South Africa's black and colored people grow ever more restive under Hendrik Verwoerd's oppressive regime. Most of the refugees are young men (usually in their 20s or 30s) headed for freedom-fighter training camps, either around Tanganyika's capital of Dar es Salaam or else in the Leopoldville Congo, where promising recruits are picked for intensive guerrilla and sabotage courses in Ethiopia, Egypt and Algeria.

The Journey North. Traveling furtively by foot, truck or freight car, would-be freedom fighters must first make it on their own to Francistown, a rallying point north of Bechuanaland's bleak Kalahari Desert. The toughest *uhuru* (freedom) trail winds more than 500 miles up from South West Africa, along a miraged, meandering heavy-vehicle track that cuts through the desert, then swings east just below the trackless Okavango Swamp. Once in Francistown—two hotels, a handful of stores and gas stations strung along a tarred main street—the fugitives are taken in hand by one or another of the insurgent political parties banned in South Africa. They rest briefly at a rambling old hostel known as the "White House," where last week 30 young men were waiting impatiently for the next leg of their trek. The black-hating Afrikaners who dominate Francistown's white population would gladly break a few African skulls, so the refugees stay to themselves, keeping their knobkerries close at hand until they can board a truck (at \$9 a head) for the grueling 200-mile haul to Kasane.

The five-ton trucks are piloted by Africans, who prefer to drive by night to prevent their radiators from overheating. Steering by the stars and the

seats of their pants, they skirt the Great Makarikari Salt Pan, bounce through mopani forests, across sand dunes and dry lakebeds. Last month one truckload of refugees had to follow an elephant herd for miles to find a waterhole.

On to Uhuru. In the truck that tumbled up to Captain Nelson's Freedom Ferry one recent afternoon, 28 weary, unkempt passengers sprawled on dirty blankets. All but two were members of banned African nationalist groups, headed for Dar es Salaam. Since Bechuanaland cannot afford politically to let would-be terrorists out of the country, the group had to be interrogated by a border constable. One illiterate young tribesman claimed he was off to Dar to become an airline pilot; another said slyly that he aimed to be a bank manager. With a flashing grin, a third traveler answered: "I wish to pursue a higher education." Though well aware of the kind of schooling they were headed for, the African constable waved them through.

The women looked up from their maize patches as Captain Nelson yanked his outboard motors into sputtering life. The truck groaned aboard, the ramp came up, and the Freedom Ferry spun out into the stream, heading straight for the dreaded Caprivi Strip. Four minutes later, Nelson swung his craft expertly to shore on the Northern Rhodesian side. Only a herd of piebald cows was on hand to greet the newcomers. Ahead of them lay the wearisome 1,500-mile road to Dar, but the perilous part of their odyssey was over. As they disappeared down the boggy track to *uhuru*, Captain Nelson wiped his hands on an open-necked blue shirt. Inevitably, armed with higher education, they would be back. "Good, good," muttered the skipper. "One day something—wham! bang!—must happen."

DEE WALKER



CAPTAIN NELSON IN MID-ZAMBEZI
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PEOPLE

Funny, but soon after NBC Newscaster **Chet Huntley** said that the nation's meat industry was "sick" and that one of the consumer's greatest problems was "too much fat in our beef," a new viand went on sale in New York. The product: Chet Huntley's Nature Fed Beef, advertised by pictures of a lean and hungry Chet and by promises of "quality and flavor, plus low fat and high protein." The fat was in the fire, and NBC, prodded by a local packer, ordered Huntley to trim his name and face from the chopped chuck and sirloin. Good night, Chet.

The ahs turned to ahas the minute she turned her back. At a fashion show benefiting the Hollywood Museum, barefoot Soprano **Patrice Munsel**, 39, sashayed out in a pair of gold lace pajamas with an emerald on her big toe. Brava! But Munsel, who admits her pjs are not for sleeping, saved the real treat for retreat: a peckaboo backline, cut clear down to her basso profundo.

She really needn't have worried, but after all, acting as official White House hostess at 16 can be slightly overwhelming. So **Luci Baines Johnson** primped nervously as she prepared for an East Room musicale by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. But she let it all happen naturally, and the result was as fresh as a cherry blossom. "I don't really realize that I am a President's daughter," she told reporters, "and that I represent American youth. If I did, I would go out of my mind." It is best to be yourself, she went on, even if you "sometimes make mistakes, as I may be doing right now talking to you."

Mother didn't mind talking at all. At Texas Woman's University in Denton, Lady Bird Johnson added an honorary

I.L.D. to her L.B.J. Addressing nearly 2,000 girl students, Denton's new Dr. Johnson said: "You were born at the right time. It is a good time to be a woman. It is a good time to be alive."

Little boys are not normally noted for observance of protocol. But when William Wallace Daniel, 4, was asked by Grandfather **Harry S. Truman**, 79, to accompany him to a bridge dedication, William fell solemnly into step a respectful three paces behind, with all the inborn aplomb of a White House aide. After the bridge at Florida's Duck Key had been named after him, Truman met the press. Who would be the



HARRY S. GRANDSON
Falling into step.

Republican presidential candidate? Harry riposted: "I don't nominate Republicans; I just beat 'em."

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The bride, **Meriel Douglas-Home**, 24, promised to love, honor and cherish Oxford Economics Tutor **Adrian Darby**, 26. "They thought 'obey' was rather

—She already holds two degrees of her own, Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Journalism, from the University of Texas.



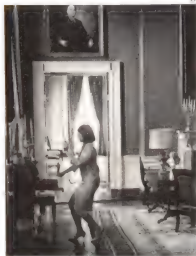
MERIEL & FATHER
Fixing up the daffodils.

er stereotyped," explained her brother. Meriel entered the tiny church in Coldstream, Scotland, to the brisk strains of *Jerusalem The Golden*: no Wagner or Mendelssohn for her. And no florist, either: the pussy willows, daffodils and tulips in the church had been arranged personally by the father of the bride, British Prime Minister Sir Alec Douglas-Home, who does that sort of thing for a hobby.

The will was drawn up in 1939 before tax laws were eased to lessen the Government bite on estates. Lawyers drew up a later will, but Oklahoma Senator **Robert S. Kerr**, who died in 1963, never got around to signing it. So the widow and four children had to pay a whopping tax of \$9.4 million (45½%) on Kerr's more-than-\$20.8 million estate, most of it in oil stock with a market value of \$14,472,703, plus another \$2,594,000 in real estate, bonds, a motel, and radio and television properties. To pay the tax collector, the oil-rich Kerrs had to borrow a cool \$6,100,000 in cash.

In 1911 she was sensational dancing the "grizzly bear"; in 1939 she presented a new one called the "Castle rock and roll," which included such steps as "kick the bucket" and "banking the turn." But today's twist and "dances of the South American ilk" irk **Irene Castle**, 71. "I don't mind so much what they do with their fannies," she said. "It's what they do with their arms and heads. All this jerky, jerky, jerking. It's so unbecoming."

The first woman member of the Atomic Energy Commission describes herself as a "geneticist with nest-building experience." **Mrs. Mary Ingraham Bunting**, 53, president of Radcliffe College since 1960, was leaving campus for commission because, said she, "I have always felt that one thing that blocked women's education all along the line was lack of visible opportunities at the end. This was a way to make one opportunity visible."



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SCIENCE

GEOPHYSICS

Why Anchorage Rocked

Whether its builders knew it or not, the construction of Anchorage was always a risk. Set as it is in southern Alaska, it is deep in an earthquake zone. To make matters worse, most of the city was built on a glacial-outwash plain, which rides on thick beds of slippery clay. When earthquake waves raced through Anchorage on Good Friday, they shattered many a brittle, modern concrete building, but their worst effect was to crack the underlying clay and start the whole place sliding toward the sea.

Seismologists are still analyzing the wiggly lines with which their instruments recorded the quake, and their work will go on for months or years. But already they know that the epicenter (the place on the earth's surface that is directly above the underground source of trouble) was located somewhere between Anchorage and Valdez in a wild, uninhabited region of glaciers and high, rugged mountains. Caltech's famed Seismologist Charles F. Richter thinks that the focus—the point where the shock originated—was at the comparatively shallow depth of 20 miles below the epicenter.

Racing Rupture. Such shallow earthquakes, which are apt to be the most violent and do the most damage, are usually caused by sections of the earth's crust slipping past each other along great cracks called faults. Most of the time, a fault is motionless, its two rock faces pressed tightly together, cemented, perhaps, by chemical action. During these quiet periods, tension builds up along the fault. If the fault finally yields at one point, the rupture races along it at several miles per second. Hundreds of miles of rock relax like a broken spring, releasing the gigantic energy that was stored inside them. Most of the energy turns into waves in the rock, and some of the waves plunge downward to pass through the earth to the opposite side. The most powerful waves run along the surface, making the solid crust shake and jump.

This is what happened in Alaska, where active faults are numerous. The amount of rock movement that took place has not yet been estimated, but Dr. Richter believes that the quake registered at 8.4 on the Richter energy scale, which he invented. By his reading, it ranks among the most powerful of recent earthquakes, exceeded in strength only by the Tibetan quake of 1960 (8.5).

Big Bell. Since the earth acts like a solid object, it can be made to vibrate all over if it is hit hard enough. This behavior was predicted more than 80 years ago, but it was first detected with certainty after the Chile quake, when new instruments were ready and watch-

ing for it. The whole earth rang like a great, silent bell for two weeks. Its fundamental note had a period of about 54 minutes, which is more than 20 octaves below middle C, vastly too low for human ears to hear.

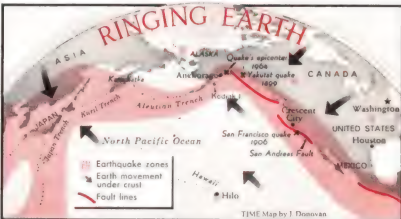
The Alaska quake was a bell ring too. Seismologist Jack Oliver of Columbia University's Lamont Geological Observatory says that the whole earth vibrated every 54 minutes. The maximum surface movement was about one-third of an inch and was very gradually diminishing toward the fadeout point.

Houston Uplift. Much stronger were the short-lived waves that ran along the surface. All over the globe they knocked seismograph recorders off their scales, but Seismologist Jean-Claude de Bremacker of Rice University had special instruments that could measure the

the young, still-growing mountains of Alaska. The fault may be wholly buried, or it may reach the surface in some remote place. During the Yakutat earthquake of 1899, a fault in the Alaska panhandle moved vertically in one swift, high-rising jump, forming a new cliff 47 ft. high.

Tsunami. There must have been some surface changes because a tsunami, a seismic sea wave commonly miscalled a tidal wave, spread swiftly southward from Alaska. Hawaii and Japan were warned to prepare for trouble, but there was little damage to their shores. Except for points near the epicenter, the only place seriously hurt was Crescent City in northern California, where the shape of the harbor and the bottom near shore efficiently focuses the energy of Alaskan tsunamis.

In the open ocean, tsunamis seldom rise more than a few inches, and they are usually unnoticeable. But they may



actual height of the waves as they passed through Texas at thousands of miles per hour. He estimates that they lifted Houston by about four inches. Since they were several hundred miles long, they set the city down again so slowly and gently that nothing was broken, and no human sense could detect what was happening.

Some seismologists doubt de Bremacker's figure, but the waters of Texas felt some motion. While the earth waves were passing, the level of the Houston Ship Canal rose and fell. At Sabine Pass on the Gulf of Mexico, the Coast Guard reported a tide three feet higher than normal. Unusual surges were noted at Corpus Christi and in the Colorado River, and a tugboat captain in the Intercoastal Canal near Port Arthur called by radio and reported unusual waves five feet high.

If the Alaska quake had happened in thickly settled country, it might have killed thousands of people instead of a few score, and its nearby effects would have been observed more accurately. As it is, the seismologists can only say at this time that it probably came from slippage along a fault associated with

be more than a hundred miles long, and their speed, which depends on the depth of the ocean, may reach up to 500 m.p.h. When they hit a shore line, they generally cause a gentle rise of water level: only when the shape of the shore line is just right do they build into enormous waves that rise up and toss raging water high on the land.

Drifting Continents. Though seismologists agree that big, shallow earthquakes are caused by faults, they are not sure where the energy comes from to make the faults move. The most popular modern theory holds that a layer of hot, plastic material lies just below the earth's cool and brittle crust. Heat generated by radioactivity makes the plastic expand and rise toward the surface like water heated in a saucepan. The plastic rock rises in some places, moves horizontally in others, and sinks back to the depths. Circulation is extremely slow, an inch or so per year, but it is so powerful that it moves continents as if they were icebergs floating in an ocean current.

This theory of continental drift, though not universally accepted, goes far to explain the ring of active vol-



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canoes and earthquake-prone mountain ranges that surrounds the Pacific Ocean. The original villain is a great mass of plastic rock that is slowly rising under the Atlantic. One hundred and fifty million years ago, all the continents were bunched together, but the rising rock current split them apart, moving North and South America away from Europe-Africa. The split has now grown into the Atlantic Ocean, and down through its center, keeping equidistant between the two continents, runs the mid-Atlantic ridge, where the ocean floor is still cracking and separating. In highly volcanic Iceland, where the ridge comes to the surface, is a belt of brand-new land made of basaltic lava that the rising rock current has brought up from deep in the earth.

Arcs & Ranges. If the continents are moving away from each other across the Atlantic, they must be moving toward each other across the Pacific, because the earth is a sphere and they have nowhere else to go. As they move, their leading edges push against the crust of the ocean bottom, sometimes thrusting it down in deep trenches, sometimes bending it upward to form curving arcs of islands, like Japan. High mountain ranges like the Andes rear up behind the edges of the advancing continents, and where the rocks bend and break, lines of volcanoes spout their fire.

Alaska is a churning focus of just such action. A rock current under the crust is pushing North America into the Pacific, where another current is moving toward the northwest. The two currents are at right angles to each other, and their force makes the crust yield sideways, forming the great Fairweather Fault running up the Alaskan coast. The fault is a prolific spawning ground for earthquakes, and at its northern end is another source of seismic trouble: the great Aleutian Arc, which was formed by Siberia pressing southeastward into the Pacific and is dotted with active volcanoes. The Fairweather Fault and the Aleutian Arc intersect near Anchorage—which, as Good Friday proved, makes the site a shaky place for building a city.

ASTRONOMY Finding the Fastest Galaxy: 76,000 Miles per Second

The tiny spot of light known as 3C-147 looked no different from the countless millions of dim stars that can be picked out by the giant, 200-in. telescope on top of Mount Palomar. But when astronomers from Caltech's radio observatory reported that their 90-ft. dish antennas were picking up powerful radio waves from 3C-147's faint gleam, Palomar's men decided to make a closer examination.

Astronomer Maarten Schmidt focused Palomar's big scope on the strange source of electromagnetic noise. By using very long exposures, he photo-



ASTRONOMER SCHMIDT
Exploding galaxies are noisier.

graphed 3C-147's spectrum—the rainbow of lines and hues that give away the chemical secrets of their source. The pictures brought out oxygen and neon lines that were shifted farther toward the red end of the spectrum than any such lines ever photographed before. Since red shift is caused by motion, 3C-147, Schmidt decided, must be speeding away from the earth at 76,000 miles per second, almost half the speed of light. He had taken a picture of the fastest object known to man.

It was also, clearly, the most distant. Since the universe is expanding, its parts that are moving fastest must be the farthest away. Measured by Hubble's constant, which translates speed into distance, 3C-147 is about 4 billion light-years away from the earth. But Dr. Ira Bowen, director of Mount Wilson and Palomar observatories, prefers to say "several billion" light-years; he suspects that Hubble's constant may not be accurate over such enormous distances.

Dr. Bowen is reasonably certain that 3C-147 is a galaxy that exploded several billion years ago, giving more light than 100 normal galaxies. Along with its light, its blowup sent out powerful radio waves, probably generated by high-speed electrons moving in a magnetic field.

The Palomar telescope can photograph swarms of galaxies out at the limit of its vision, but most of them look like blurry blobs, and they are much too faint for their spectra to be photographed. Only exploding galaxies 100 times brighter than normal give such meaningful information about what was happening billions of years ago in the depths of space. A dozen such galaxies have been found so far, and astronomers are confident that many more can be found by the kind of radio scouting that stirred up interest in 3C-147. The spectrum of their ancient light may tell whether the universe is still being created, and whether it has limits in either space or time.



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THE LAW

COURTS

Should the Offended Try the Offender?

As editor of a crusading weekly back in the 1930s, New Mexico Newsman Will Harrison made so many enemies that he took to carrying a hunk of type metal for self-defense. Now that he has turned columnist in 16 Southwestern dailies, 13 weeklies and two monthly magazines, Harrison is still stirring up trouble so strenuously that Judge Paul Tackett of the state district court in Albuquerque has just hit him with a \$250 fine and a ten-day jail sentence

let off with too light a rap. Harrison made his view plain in no fewer than six different columns. He contrasted the Morris trial with a similar manslaughter case in which a car driven by a drunken New Mexican construction laborer, Elirio Trujillo, rammed another car, killing three people. Tried before another judge, Trujillo got one to five years in prison. But Harrison failed to mention that while Morris was a first offender, Trujillo had been arrested twice on drunken-driving charges, and had escaped from jail shortly before the accident. Harrison also neglected to point out that it is commonplace



COLUMNIST HARRISON



JUDGE TACKETT

The sixth attack drew counterfire.

for contempt of court. While the punishment itself does not seem unbearably burdensome, the case has reverberated far beyond the borders of New Mexico.

Too Light a Rap? The battle goes back to June, when a car driven by Charles N. Morris, assistant district attorney of Eddy County, rammed into a car carrying a Mexican-American farm worker named Gregorio Molina, his wife, and eight of their children. The parents and three of the children were killed. The other five children were injured. Morris admitted that he was boozed up at the time of the accident and pleaded guilty to involuntary manslaughter. With his usual courtroom briskness, Judge Tackett took less than two hours to hear the case. Morris was ordered to pay a \$500 fine, which was suspended on condition that he pay \$500 court costs. Morris was also ordered to report to a probation officer once a month for a year before he appears in court for final sentencing. Tackett said he was reluctant to send Morris to jail lest the former D.A. be killed by some prisoner he had sent there himself.

Such reasoning did not impress Harrison, who decided that Morris had been

for New Mexico judges to hand down deferred sentences to first offenders.

Too Hard a Kick? After Harrison's sixth attack, a lawyer for Morris charged that the columns were in contempt of court because they were "designed to ridicule, intimidate and influence the court" and presented "a clear and present danger to the administration of justice in New Mexico." The judge tried Harrison for contempt and found him guilty. The press has less freedom to comment on pending cases than on closed cases, and Tackett ruled that since he had deferred sentencing, the Morris case was still before the court.

Though Harrison's reporting had been somewhat lopsided, Tackett's retaliation raised grave questions. Can a judge still press comment on a case simply by deferring the sentence? Should a judge who is offended by press comments be permitted to try the offender? Most newsmen thought not. The Portales, N. Mex., News-Tribune called Harrison's sentence "one of the most flagrant examples of judicial stupidity that has come to the attention of New Mexicans in years. It poses a

threat not only to a free press but to the public's right to criticize the judiciary." The New Mexico Press Association chimed in with an offer to aid Harrison's appeal. At week's end the American Society of Newspaper Editors announced its support too, said that its lawyer, former Attorney General William P. Rogers, was ready to help.

THE SUPREME COURT

A Big Week for Oral Arguments

For four hours a day, four days a week, two weeks a month, the Supreme Court listens to lawyers argue their cases. For the lawyers, their rigorously controlled time before the bench can be a harrowing ordeal. They are allowed exactly one hour* by the clock in which to make their oral arguments—and during that brief span they must field the penetrating questions of the nine justices. "I made three arguments in every case," the late Supreme Court Justice Robert Jackson once wrote about his own appearance before the court as Solicitor General of the U.S. "First came the one that I had planned—logical, coherent, complete. Second was the one I actually presented—interrupted, incoherent, disjointed, disappointing. The third was the utterly devastating argument that I thought of after going to bed that night."

When he himself was appointed to the court, Justice Jackson learned that his colleagues had mixed views of oral argument. Some thought it vital, others thought it largely a waste of time. Over the years, written briefs have become less and less brief; the justices have the opportunity—whether they use it or not—of reading a lawyer's whole story before he utters a word in court.

Whether the verbal sparring wins, loses or makes little impression, seldom does the court hear oral argument on so many big and brambly constitutional issues in one four-day session as it did last week.

Forms of Evasion. The procession began with a platoon of civil rights lawyers backed up by the Justice Department, arguing that Prince Edward County, Va., should not be permitted to evade court-ordered desegregation by abolishing its public school system. After the Supreme Court's landmark segregation decision a decade ago, Prince Edward closed its public schools in 1959 and set up "private" schools for white children. Negroes had no schools at all from 1959 until last year. "We have a truly local-option law in Virginia," argued an assistant attorney from Virginia. As a friend of the court, Solicitor General Archibald Cox demurred. The Prince Edward dodging of the issue, he said, "constitutes invidious

*A few complex cases get extra time, and more and more cases each year are put on the "summary calendar," with only half an hour for each side.

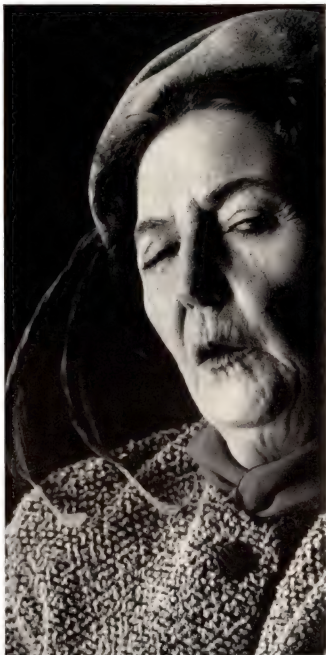
It's ridiculous to think my George is henpecked just because he rents National cars for the S&H Green Stamps.

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George says National cars ride smoother.

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discrimination under the equal-protection clause of the 14th Amendment."

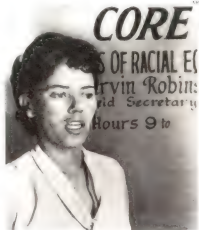
Next, the N.A.A.C.P. Legal Defense and Educational Fund attacked the Atlanta school-integration program as another form of evasion. Atlanta's grade-a-year plan, is not really desegregation, said Lawyer Constance Baker Motley. The pace is too slow, she contended, to qualify as the "deliberate speed" that the Supreme Court called for in 1955. The pace is indeed slow, admitted a lawyer for the Atlanta school board, but the city's attitude, he maintained, "has been compliance, not defiance."

Burning Books. From desegregation the arguments switched to apportionment of seats in state legislatures. The court had considered the subject earlier this term in a cluster of cases not yet decided, and the justices were primed with questions. Seats in Colorado's lower house are already divided up according to population, and the suit by a group of the state's citizens argues that the Constitution requires apportionment along one-man-one-vote lines for both houses of a state legislature. Colorado's Special Attorney General Anthony F. Zarlego defended rural overrepresentation on the ground that the legislature "must be familiar with the problems of all parts of the state." Countered Associate Justice Arthur Goldberg: "But there are urban problems as well as rural. I just don't follow the argument that the need to safeguard the interests of rural areas, but not urban, justifies discrimination."

Politics having been disposed of for the moment, the court turned to obscenity. The French movie *The Lovers*, shown unexpurgated in many U.S. cities, had been banned in Cleveland Heights and Dayton, Ohio, and lawyers for the moviemakers argued that questions of obscenity must be decided by the prevailing national standards, not by the standards of Cleveland Heights. In a related case, a lawyer for a Kansas book distributor argued that a state law under which authorities had seized and burned allegedly pornographic books was unconstitutionally restrictive. "It's easier to burn books than to prosecute the seller," commented Chief Justice Earl Warren in a broad hint of how the court might rule.

False Presumption. One of the last oral arguments of the week concerned U.S.-born Herman Frederick Marks, who had fought in Fidel Castro's revolutionary forces. His lawyers attacked as unconstitutional the loss of citizenship now prescribed for those who serve in foreign armies. Because it is automatic, and because it is based upon the false presumption that "service in a foreign army is tantamount to renouncing American allegiance," said Marks's lawyer, the law violates the constitutional requirement of "due process."

So went the dialogue. In months ahead, a string of significant decisions should reflect the week of significant argument.



MARY HAMILTON
More than etiquette.

Call Her Miss

The ponderous load of important cases facing the Supreme Court seemed to add weight to the argument advanced by the attorney general of Alabama. The nation's highest court, he said should not bother itself with "Trivial" questions, "with an attempt to enforce social amenities and rules of etiquette."

Mary Hamilton, a Negro field secretary for the Congress of Racial Equality, felt otherwise. If there was any etiquette involved, she figured, it was Southern etiquette, the sort of "social amenity" that was really a form of discrimination. What bothered her was the traditional Southern practice of addressing all Negroes by their first names, never with the title of Mr., Mrs., or Miss. In a court of law, Mary Hamilton thought, justice should be blind to the color of her skin. And after she was arrested for taking part in an Alabama civil rights demonstration, she stuck to her belief.

"My name is Mary Hamilton," she said when she was in the witness chair and the County Solicitor addressed her as Mary. "Who were you arrested by, Mary?" repeated the solicitor. Despite the judge's admonition to answer, CORE's Mary Hamilton stubbornly refused to respond to her first name. She was fined \$50 and also sentenced to five days in jail.

Mary Hamilton's case reached the Supreme Court, which wasted little time agreeing that the question she raised was far from frivolous. In an unusual shortening of standard procedure, the court not only consented to review the case of *Mary Hamilton v. Alabama*; it made its decision at the same time. Without even hearing oral argument, and without handing down a written opinion, the court summarily reversed the contempt conviction. With Miss Mary Hamilton concurring, the court ruled in effect that calling Negroes by their first names is a form of racial discrimination.

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THE PRESS

CARTOONISTS

Finding a President

Roosevelt was a yard of cigarette holder tilting up from a generous jaw. Truman was a bespectacled screech owl. Eisenhower was a pair of ears pierced by a disingenuous grin, and Kennedy—well, some semblance of Kennedy could always be drawn under that hummock of hair. To such lean and telling presidential portraiture, editorial cartoonists for the nation's newspapers bring a keen eye, a sharp pen and a drop or two of acid ink. Now they are honing their art on a new subject whose face might have been designed for their drawing boards. But how successfully have they captured Lyndon B. Johnson?

To hear some of them tell it, Johnson is a blindfold cinch. "He doesn't give me any trouble at all," says the Los Angeles Times's gifted Paul Conrad (TIME, Jan. 31), who accentuates what he calls the President's "dish face." The Chicago Sun-Times's Bill Mauldin, who found Kennedy "inscrutable" and therefore hard to capture, ropes Johnson with ease: "He's scrutable. What he's thinking shows through." The Washington Star's James Berryman, who has harpooned Presidents for 31 years, considers Johnson "the answer to a cartoonist's prayer—with those great, heavy eyebrows, the tremendous darkness around his eyes, that long eagle beak, the short upper lip that makes him look like he doesn't have his uppers in, and the largest ears of anybody outside of a donkey I've ever seen."

Others are not so certain that it's all that easy to find the essential Lyndon. At the Christian Science Monitor, Cartoonist Guernsey Le Pelley practiced for a week while committing the President to print, and even now draws guardedly: "You change Johnson too much and he looks like Eleanor Roosevelt." Don Wright of the Miami News finds Johnson a slippery subject. "If you aren't sure you have him, you put him in a ten-gallon hat." In the same way and for the same reason, many cartoonists suit up the President in cowboy uniform, right down to the Texas boots.

The ultimate test of the cartoonist's skill at character definition—or character assassination—is the presidential portrait. The available evidence to date (see cuts) suggests that the man with the dish face and the donkey's ears has not yet been pinned to the sketch boards of the U.S. press.

NEWSPAPERS

Sale in Suburbia

Faced with the competition of the big-city press and other news media, suburban dailies tend to be lackluster compendia of wire-service copy, plumped out with movie schedules and strictly local news. Such papers may



rank low on journalism's merit scale, but they often can be immensely profitable businesses. One lucrative example is the Macy chain in New York State's Westchester and Rockland Counties, where the nine Macy papers have been making large profits for 40 years. Last week this highly successful suburban group was sold to an even more profitable small-town chain.

The buyer was Gannett newspapers, a string of 15 dailies (total circ. 877,000) largely located in upper New York State. The competent Gannett papers grew fat under the laissez-faire leadership of the late Frank Ernest Gannett, who permitted his editors wide latitude to run their shows as they saw fit, even down to disputing the boss.

Under Valentine Macy, 65, and his brother J. Noel, 64, the Westchester group has developed into a journalistic property that attracted many bidders. After inheriting the nucleus of the chain and \$30 million from their father in 1930, the two Macys spread their enterprise over such well-fixed Westchester communities as Tarrytown, Mamaroneck, Mount Vernon and New Rochelle. The chain's 175,000 circulation is a useful addition to the Gannett fold. But the major beneficiaries are likely to be suburbanites in Westchester, where the caliber of the local journalism can only improve.

MAGAZINES

Turning Back the Clock

The clock face was intended to scare the world. Its hands, spanning the cover of the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*, were originally set at an ominous eight minutes before midnight. After the Russians exploded their first H-bomb, *Bulletin* time read two minutes before the hour of doom. Today the clock is still on *Bulletin's* cover, but it has shrunk to an inconspicuous size, and registers a relatively unfrightening 11:48. The

minutes that, in the editors' view the world has gained, measure a strange triumph for the magazine. Now that there is less concern about Armageddon and less shock value to the power of the atom, the clock is ticking mostly for the *Bulletin*. Its funds low, the magazine is once more passing the hat.

Cheerful Smile. The little man who has wound the *Bulletin's* fateful clock for all its 18 years is unbothered. From his jaunty blue beret down past his ineffably cheerful smile to his ground-hugging overcoat, Eugene Rabinowitch, 63, bears small resemblance to a prophet of doom. He seems much better suited to his other roles: professor of botany and biophysics at the University of Illinois, world authority on photosynthesis, a Russian-born poet who composes in his native language and has translated Pushkin into German. But in 1944, in a makeshift laboratory beneath Chicago's Stagg Stadium, Eugene Rabinowitch heard the tick of the future.

There, scientists were well on their way, in wartime's secret Manhattan Project, to devising the world's first atomic bomb. Rabinowitch, whose impressive reputation had preceded his arrival in the U.S., was asked to join them. Like many of his colleagues, he was appalled at the project's goal. Soon after the war ended in the holocausts of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, he and 200 other scientists formed a committee called The Atomic Scientists of Chicago. They felt deeply guilty about their role in unleashing the atom, and they longed for atonement. In 1945 the committee spawned the *Bulletin*, which was dedicated to stopping the clock before it

* Appearing in the Arizona Star (Ellinwood), Los Angeles Times (Conrad), Chicago Tribune (Parrish), Washington Star (Berryman), Albany Times-Union (Rosen), N.E.A. (Berry), Baltimore Sun (Yardley), N.E.A. (Crawford), Christian Science Monitor (Le Pelley), Minneapolis Tribune (Long).

told the midnight of atomic war that they feared.

Mendicant Life. Editor Rabinowitch did not expect the *Bulletin* to prosper, and he was right. "To say that the *Bulletin* was founded on a shoestring would be to describe it as overdressed," he says. Despite one of the leanest budgets in the business—currently \$24,000 a year—it has lived a mendicant's existence, begging office space from the University of Chicago, money from foundations, handouts from subscribers, art work from a physicist's wife, and articles from the leading scientists of the world. Its admonitory pages bristled with urgent crusades: for disarmament and against military control of the atom, for world government and against overclassification of military secrets. From the start the young magazine boasted authors whose names were international currency: Einstein, Szilard, Oppenheimer, Teller, Urey, Beadle.

In lieu of prosperity, Rabinowitch happily settled for an audience that amounted to a handful of impressive clock watchers. The *Bulletin's* 27,500 subscribers girdle the globe—36 in Russia—and they can muster more scientific, diplomatic and statesmanship credentials than any world conference in Geneva.

What effect the *Bulletin's* high-placed and influential readership has had on easing world tensions cannot be measured. But even before the signing of the limited nuclear test ban treaty last year, the late Percy Bridgman, Harvard physicist and a *Bulletin* board member, was relaxed enough to hand Rabinowitch his resignation. "Scientists have warned mankind," Bridgman said. "It is up to the people to heed the warning or get destroyed. I am going back to my laboratory."

Twofold. Rabinowitch elected not to follow him. Instead, he set the *Bulletin* on a new course. The magazine lifted

its editorial sights until now the pages encompass everything from genetics to oceanography. Monthly columns have been added on disarmament and the Washington scene. If the *Bulletin's* current fund-raising appeal to subscribers pays off—and thus far \$27,000 has come in—Rabinowitch plans to install a foreign editor in Britain and correspondents in France and Russia.

"The public responsibility of scientists is twofold," Editor Rabinowitch recently told his readers. "Not only to make mankind aware of the misuse of science for destruction, but also to help it toward an understanding and concerted use of science for the betterment of the human condition. This is not an emergency function, as it appeared to be in 1945, but an ongoing movement."

Back in the Ring

Before Jack ("Doc") Kearns died at 80 last year, he completed the manuscript of his memoirs, the gaudy story of his career as manager and trainer of prizefighters—the most famous of whom was Jack Dempsey. One chapter of that book, published in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, contained Kearns's claim that he had packed the bandages on Dempsey's fists with plaster before the 1919 bout in which Dempsey gave Jess Willard a painful beating. Dempsey had no knowledge of the deed, Kearns said, and when *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* approached Dempsey before printing the Kearns story, the old champ hotly denied the whole thing. His denial was printed along with Kearns's story.

Last week sometime Restaurateur Dempsey brought suit for \$3,000,000 in libel damages against Time Inc., publishers of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. Said Dempsey in his complaint to the New York Supreme Court: "My gloves were not 'loaded' when I defeated Jess Willard. I won the championship fairly."

SPORTSWRITERS

The Long Seasons

Baseball was truly the national pastime when eleven-year-old John Drebing saw his first big-league game. In that half-forgotten summer of 1902, baseball meant two-bit bleacher seats in the sun and no night games. There was no TV either, to tempt pitchers and managers into time-wasting histrionics. The players were public heroes, and fans wore their hearts on their sleeves.

For Drebing it was the beginning of a lifelong devotion. And since he did not have the athletic talent to become a big-league player, it was perhaps inevitable that he became a big-league reporter, one of that curious breed of semi-participant sportsmen known as sportswriters.

Never Bored. In 41 years on the New York Times, and before that for eleven years on the Staten Island Advance, Drebing's first love has been put to the test. He has watched some 6,800



YANKEES' YOGI & DREBINGER
Devotion dates from 1902.

big-league games in just about every ballpark in the land. From 1929 through 1963, he took in every World Series game—203 in all. The American League Yankees invested this procession with a certain sameness by playing in 22 of the 35 series and by winning 17. Drebing did not mind. He loves the Yankees' best of all.

"I was never bored," he says, and he never tired of reporting the varied and intricate moves of the game for which he lived. The sense of repetition, year after year, which is stifling to so many sportswriters, bothered Drebing not at all. He scarcely felt a need to dress up his straightforward stories. For him there was enough emotion in the action he reported.

The years have brought changes to the game and the way it is covered. Drebing regrets most of them, but philosophically. "When I first broke in," he says, "writers like Hughie Fullerton, Bill McGeehan and Will Wedge wrote much closer to the game than writers do now. They told the fans what was happening and why. They were full of the inside stuff. Now the young writers try to be sophisticated, blasé. 'Hell,' they say, 'everybody knows what the hit-and-run is.'"

Collision. For Drebing, who not only knows what the hit-and-run is but feels a need to explain it, the seasons are now officially over. He was on the job down in Florida watching his Yankees warm up for opening day when the word arrived. "The Times put in a mandatory retirement age of 75 a couple of years ago, with the idea of reducing it one year each year," he said. "Now it's 73, and that's what I am. We just happened to collide—the limit on the way down and me on the way up."

It is probably too late for enforced retirement to make much difference to the old sportswriter's habits. The new season is about to start, and though John Drebing will not be going to the ballpark for the New York Times, he intends to be there.



ATOMIC SCIENTIST RABINOWITCH
The time is now 11:48.

MODERN LIVING

SHOPPING CENTERS

New Shape

The suburban shopping center, a building standing in a serried sea of cars, is architecture's most unique and successful response to the automobile age. It is about to acquire a new shape.

The design is the work of Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, who were asked by Macy's to design a new store on a cramped site in Elmhurst, L.I., a crisscrossed New York suburb. Since there wasn't enough room for the conventional parking lot, SOM architects simply wrapped the parking space around the store.

The result is a circular building flanked by two spiral ramps. Customers drive up a ramp, peel off at the level they choose. There are two parking levels for each selling floor, and the customer parks diagonally on the outside or inner rim. Eliminated is the long walk from the distant parking lot.

Theoretically at least, no customer need walk more than 75 ft. from car to counter. Says Project Manager Albert Kennerly: "For the first time in modern times the auto is brought to the curb of the store. It will be just like parking on Main Street in front of your favorite shop."

HOBBIES

The Customizers

When Ralph Lee, a Richmond, Va., printer, drives his 1961 Chevy Monza to work every morning, he has to be careful not to leave the windows rolled up. "You see," says Lee, "I haven't got any door handles." A job for the local Chevy dealer? No, the local electrician. Lee is installing solenoid switch buttons that will open the doors electrically with a touch of the hand.



DREAM ROD



WILD DREAM



MYSTERYION

Chopped, channeled and cosmetized.



SOM'S DESIGN FOR NEW MACY'S STORE

A wrap-around curb and a customer near the counter.

Lee compensates for the lack of door handles by having a custom grille, milk-glass headlights, dual spotlights, hand-formed taillights, rolled and pleated interior with a cocktail bar, tape recorder ("I usually play rock 'n' roll") and a white imitation angora rabbit fur rug. "The fur was my wife's idea," says Lee. "Betty has taken a right lot of interest in this car." The chromium-plated engine is treated as well as the passengers. The engine compartment is lined with red imitation rabbit fur.

Craftsmen like Ralph Lee are called custom-car buffs, and his personalized Chevy was on display last week in the seventh annual Rod and Custom Auto Show of Washington, D.C.—the grand finale of 22 such shows around the country, at which automotive do-it-yourselfers compete like beauty queens.

Exhaust Pipes & Nail Polish. Entries are divided into twelve classes: Custom, Rod, Motorcycle, Sports Car, Antique, Hand Built, Classic, Restored, Drag Boat, Pick Up, Go-Kart and Minnie Bike. The best in each class compete for two championship trophies: Best Rod and Best Custom. In addition, spectators may vote for "the most popular car of the show"; the car with the most votes in all shows on the circuit wins a 1964 500-X1 Ford.

The clear winner, over 100 points ahead going into the Washington show, is Frank Farris' last-iron "Tempted Once." Frank's father, Orle Farris, runs a garage in Whiting, Ind. Two years ago, they bought a 1931 Model A Ford for \$150. Now, \$10,000 and countless man-hours later, they have an "altered street rod" par excellence, which has never been beaten in show competition.

The body has been chopped and channeled and has white Nougahyde bucket seats and fur-covered pedals. It is painted with 30 coats of candy-apple cherry.

and is powered with a huge 301 Corvet engine with four 4-barrel carbs and GMC 671 supercharger. The engine is also equipped with clear plastic valve covers, "so that the judges can see 'em," as one hot-rodder put it.

Most of the cars in the show are crossbreeds. George Snyder's 1966 Chevy, "Family Jewel," has a 1956 Chevy front, a 1960 Olds grille, 1953 Chevy parking lights, 1956 Olds headlights, a 1950 Olds windshield, and 1956 Chevy side fins. The engine comes from a 1950 Oldsmobile and supports three Stromberg carbs.

Farthest-out are the "show cars," built by pros and toured as an inspiration to the amateur hobbyists. These include "Car Craft Dream Rod," with a Volkswagen front end, a Ford engine, Pontiac door and fender panels, a Studebaker top, and other parts from various foreign sports cars—all assembled in the latest custom wrinkle, called asymmetrical styling (both headlights, for instance, are on the left side).

An acknowledged masterpiece was "Mysterion," built by Ed ("Big Daddy") Roth, who owns a shirt factory in Maywood, Calif. One of the most revered fast-iron designers in the U.S., Roth spent \$12,000 putting together this machine monster. It has built-in hi-fi and television, huge maximum-torque tires behind and narrow motorcycle tires up front. Its two Ford Thunderbird engines develop 1,000 h.p., and every cylinder is wrapped in bright chrome.

Also widely admired was "Wild Dream," designed by Joe Wilhelm of San Jose, Calif. With an aluminum body and chassis of rectangular tubing, it has a Corvette engine, the popular "California tilt" (front end lower than rear), and is finished in purple metal-flake acrylic paint.

Toothbrush Buffs. "Most of the guys who build these jobs are members of a club of some kind," says Pro Designer George Barris, who tours the circuit as part of a Ford team that exhibits its "dream" cars. "They're not teen-agers—they're mostly guys 20 to 30 years old—some own service stations, some are shipping clerks, some do body and fender repairs, some are hairdressers. Out in California, where I come from, a lot of the car buffs have all-chrome undercarriages. At a show, they'll be underneath the car with a toothbrush."

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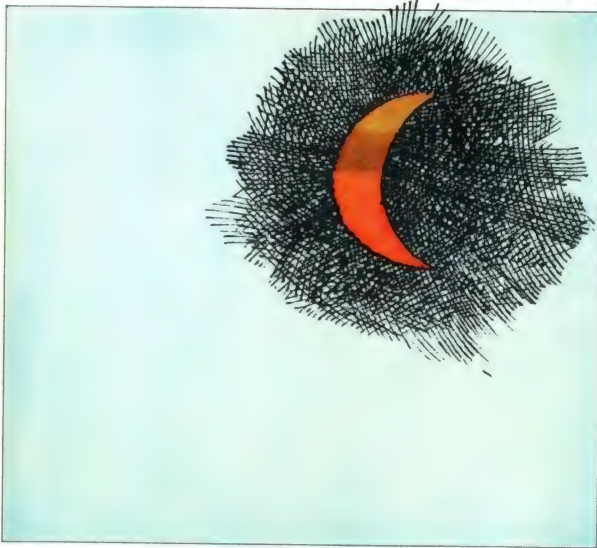
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RELIGION

ROMAN CATHOLICS

A New View on Birth Control

Revisions in theology start inconspicuously enough—usually as footnote-laden articles in grey, learned journals with modest circulations. Future church historians may well date a profound change in Roman Catholic thinking on marriage from the current issue of

end of marriage as the procreation and education of children; the mutual love of husband and wife and what the code grimly refers to as "the allaying of concupiscence" are essential but secondary ends. Many a priest still preaches that a house-cramming brood is the goal.

Within the last three decades, however, the church has significantly qualified the more-is-better ideal in favor of

they argue, is unreliable and moreover, its complement of thermometers, charts and calendar watching makes any theological defense of the method as "natural" seem like a bad semantic joke.

Many bishops and priests admit that there is some discrepancy between their teaching on birth control and the actual practice of Catholic couples. "It is the single most important cause for defection from the sacraments among the younger generation of German Catholics," says Theologian Werner Schöllgen of Bonn University. U.S. bishops and priests have yet to give much attention to the problem, but Dutch Bishop Willem Bekkers of 's Hertogenbosch says: "If I see people in church not receiving the Eucharist, and I know they are the kind of people who should be, then I say this is reason for reconsidering the entire question."

Nature Can Change. The theological reconsideration currently being carried out by progressive European moralists begins with a rethinking of natural law as applied to marriage questions. Nature, they say, evolves in the encounter of men and institutions with the forces of history. Thus, the nature of marriage can change—from the polygamy practiced by the Hebrews with divine approval to the monogamous union now blessed by the church.

Instead of referring to primary (procreative) and secondary (concupiscent) ends in marriage, one theologian argues that the highest value is the "interpersonal relationship between man and wife," and that the purely biological is the lowest. Although the integrity of the sexual relationship depends upon the "harmonious presence" of all the values, a lower one—such as man's duty to help propagate the race—could be excluded temporarily for the sake of a higher one. This theologian believes that the contraceptive pills, like rhythm,



THEOLOGIAN CONNELL

A house-cramming brood or a scared interpersonal relationship?



THEOLOGIAN JANSSENS

a scholarly Belgian periodical called *Ephemerides Theologicae Lovanienses*. There, the Rev. Louis Janssens, 56, a respected professor of moral theology at the University of Louvain, cautiously endorsed oral contraceptive pills as a legitimate means of family limitation for Catholic couples.

Catholic moralists in the U.S. reacted to the article as if Canon Janssens had nailed a 96th thesis to the door of the Wittenberg Castle Church. The Rev. Francis J. Connell, former dean of the School of Sacred Theology at Catholic University, said that the article was "absolutely contrary to the teaching of the church in this area." In a rebuttal of Janssens' thesis that was printed by many diocesan papers, Jesuit Father Edward Duff wrote that "no established Catholic theologian is on record as agreeing with him."

On record they may not be, but privately some of the keenest theological minds of Catholic Europe wholeheartedly agree with Janssens. Perhaps the most personally meaningful aspect of the worldwide contemporary renewal of the Roman Catholic Church is a new approach to the marital relationship that is being thought out in the seminaries and chanceries of Germany, France, Belgium and The Netherlands.

"Responsible Parenthood." From the time of St. Paul, who said, "It is better to marry than to burn" (meaning, with passion), Catholic teaching on marriage has implied that sexual pleasure was a reward that God gave to married couples for producing children. The canon law of the church describes the primary

"responsible parenthood." In a 1930 encyclical on marriage, Pope Pius XI declared that Catholic couples had every right to sexual intercourse during times of natural infertility. His successor, Pius XII, defended the right of parents to limit or space their children for medical, economic, eugenic or social reasons. But even as church leaders came to accept the idea of family limitation, they held out against mechanical and chemical means of achieving this goal, arguing that they violated natural law.

By its God-given nature, the reasoning goes, the sexual act is intended to produce children. The rhythm method, which first gained world-wide publicity in the early '30s, was eventually approved by the church because it does not directly interfere with the procreative purpose of sex, whereas any barrier put between the sperm and the ovum frustrates the natural design of the act. Equally sinful is sterilization, and when Pius XII, speaking to a group of hematologists in 1958, outlawed the oral steroid pills (*Time*, March 20) when used as contraceptives, it was on the ground that they temporarily sterilize the female reproductive system.

Bad Joke. The argument makes little sense to most Protestants, who generally regard birth-control methods as morally neutral and the motive for using them all-important. Many lay Catholics also find the church's reasoning fallacious, and Pollster Lou Harris reported in February that by a 3-to-2 margin a sampling of U.S. Catholics wanted to see a change in their church's attitude toward birth control. Rhythm,

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do not interfere with the sacred character of the marital act, although mechanical birth-control devices may.

Other moralists have joined Canon Janssens in publicly discussing this "personalist" approach to marriage. In the Dutch journal *Tijdschrift voor Theologie*, Dominican Father Willem van der Marck contends that pills do not constitute a temporary sterilization, as Pius had claimed, but merely postpone ovulation; the ova remain in the ovaries ready for future fertilization. And Auxiliary Bishop Josef Reuss of Mainz, in a German theological quarterly, argued that some couples might have "grave reason" to interfere with the biological process of sex—not in the actual performance of intercourse, but in "anticipation" of a future sexual act.

Theory & Practice. This new European approach to birth control has here and there gone from theory to practice. In some parishes, couples who use the pill receive the sacraments with assurances from confessors that they are acting rightly. And in the predominantly Roman Catholic town of Oss in The Netherlands, the country's largest pharmaceutical firm manufactures an oral steroid pill similar to the U.S.-made Enovid. About 90% of the company's 2,000 employees are Catholics, and sales of the pill in the Catholic south of Holland reportedly rose 40% last year.

Moreover, virtually all theologians admit that women can use hormones to regulate the menstrual cycle. Some also grant that the pills could be used by nuns in danger of rape (as in the Congo), by unmarried women who need to postpone menstruation until after a sporting event, by nursing mothers to reinforce the natural sterility that most women possess during lactation.

Thus the doors may be opening to further refinement and discussion by scholars, and perhaps even to some future modification of Pius XII's condemnation. The moralists believe that there is an exact parallel between the church's stand on birth control now and the attitude of the medieval church toward usury—which was condemned as a violation of the natural law until economists showed that taking interest on money was not exploitation but a productive good. And even in conservative Rome, there are men who will listen to further argument: Alfredo Cardinal Ottaviani, secretary of the Holy Office, recently counseled Pope Paul to stay out of the question and let the theologians pursue their insights.

EPISCOPALIANS

The P.B. Steps Down

"In the New Testament sense of the word," wrote the Rt. Rev. Arthur Lichtenberger in a letter to his fellow bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the U.S., "I have had and I am having a good time in my work as Presiding Bishop. I do wish I could continue. But since I should not and cannot, I be-



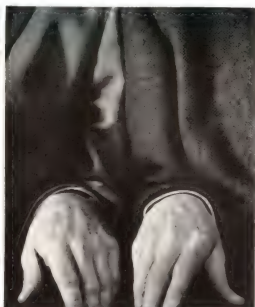
BISHOP LICHTENBERGER
Accepting necessity.

lieve I am ready by God's grace to accept this necessity." Thus Lichtenberger announced his intention of resigning in October as chief spokesman for the nation's 3,500,000 Episcopalians.

The Presiding Bishop's decision was not all that much of a surprise. Chosen to succeed the Rt. Rev. Henry Knox Sherrill in 1958, Bishop Lichtenberger, 64, was forced to curtail his speaking activities last spring because of Parkinson's disease. He underwent a hernia operation in September, later fell ill with phlebitis; his letter to the bishops admitted that he had made "little progress" in recovering the control over speech he lost as a result of Parkinson's disease.

Lichtenberger also announced that he would appoint a nominating committee of bishops, priests and laymen to recommend three candidates to succeed him. The new P.B. must be a bishop, will be elected by secret ballot at the meeting of the House of Bishops in St. Louis next October. Among the most likely prospects: the Rt. Rev. Stephen Bayne, who is resigning this fall as executive officer of the Anglican Communion, and Bishop Richard Emrich of Michigan.

As Presiding Bishop, Lichtenberger has been a middle-church moderate, with strong interests in the ecumenical movement and civil rights. In 1961, when he paid a courtesy call on John XXIII, he became the first U.S. Episcopal bishop in history to visit a Pope. Until last February, Lichtenberger was head of the National Council of Churches' Commission on Religion and Race, and last Pentecost he issued an impressive pastoral letter urging all Episcopalians to work actively for the cause of equal justice. "Bishop Lichtenberger has spent his life in the service of Christ," says Publisher Clifford P. Morehouse, layman-president of the church's House of Deputies. "He is widely recognized as one of the truly great Christian leaders in America today."



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SHOW BUSINESS

BROADWAY

The Girl

[See Cover]

Barbra Streisand crosses the stage, stopping in the center to gaze out over the audience, her look preoccupied. She gives a shrug and goes off.

This wordless vignette is her first entrance and exit in Broadway's new musical, *Funny Girl*. In the moment's

out, and it pulls them in. She is onstage for 111 of *Funny Girl*'s 132 minutes.

The *Greatest*. Her impact was instant and stunning. Barbra's only previous acting experience on Broadway was a 20-minute role as a marriage-proof secretary in *I Can Get It for You Wholesale*, though her plaintive song called *Miss Marmelstein* was the only bargain in an evening that was otherwise strictly retail. Many people still say



STREISAND AS FANNY IN "FUNNY GIRL" BLOCK PARTY

"You think beautiful girls are going to stay in style forever?"

pause before she disappears as quickly as she came, she leaves an image in the eye—of a carelessly stacked girl with a long nose and bones awry, wearing a lumpy brown leopard-trimmed coat and looking like the star of nothing. But there is something in her clear, elliptical gaze that is beyond resistance. It invites too much sympathy to be as aggressive as it seems. People watching it can almost hear the last few ticks before Barbra Streisand explodes.

For the 2½ hours that follow, she is all but the whole show. *Funny Girl* is a biographical evening about the late Fanny Brice, and ostensibly Barbra Streisand is re-creating her rise to fame and her ill-starred marriage to Nicky Arnstein, the gambler-sport. But Streisand establishes more than a well-recollected Fanny Brice. She establishes Barbra Streisand. When she is onstage, singing, mugging, dancing, loving, shouting, wiggling, grinding, wheeling, she turns the air around her into a cloud of tired ions. Her voice has all the colors, bright and subtle, that a musical play could ask for, and gradations of power too. It pushes the walls

Who when they hear her name, but she is not from nowhere. She is only 21, but she has made an occasional \$7,000 a week singing at places like Las Vegas's Riviera and \$3,000 at Manhattan's Basin Street East. Her three albums have made her at present the world's best-selling female recording star on I.P. But it is one thing to rival all the Patti Pages in pressed plastic and quite another to take over Broadway.

There is a convention in musical theater called *The Girl's First Song*—that first number in which the heroine states who she is, what she wants, and hints at the perils that might befall her, such as *A Cockeyed Optimist* from *South Pacific* and *Wouldn't It Be Lovely* from *My Fair Lady*. In *Funny Girl*, Barbra Streisand is to some degree playing herself as well as Fanny Brice, and it is something more than a statement in a show when she stands under the marquee of a theater and declares in her first song:

I'm the greatest star.

I am by far.

But no one knows it.

From that moment, no one has a

chance not to know it. "I'm a great big clump of talent," she sings with conviction. "I've got 36 expressions—sweet as pie to tough as leather—and that's six expressions more than all the Barrymores put together. I'm the greatest star—an American Beauty rose, with an American beauty nose."

This nose is a shrine. It starts at the summit of her hive-piled hair and ends where a trombone hits the D below middle C. The face it divides is long and sad, and the look in repose is the essence of hound. She is about as pretty, in short, as Fanny Brice; but as she sings number after number and grows in the mind, she touches the heart with her awkwardness, her lunging humor, and a bravery that is all the more winning because she seems so vulnerable. People start to nudge one another and say, "This girl is beautiful."

Barking Bagel. The show she dominates has a big New York sound, full of brass and sentiment, something that could have been written by Horatio Algerstein for the Ladies Home Journal. A poor Jewish girl with limitless fight and no visible assets claws, clowns and sings her way to the top of show biz. She marries a beautiful cardboard man and realizes her most soaring dreams of love, only to lose him because she is more successful than he.

As with Bobby Morse in *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying* the best part of *Funny Girl* is watching Barbra Streisand negotiate the climb. In blue bloomers and a red sailor blouse, she is dancing her feet off on Keeney's vaudeville stage when Keeney notices her and fires her. "You think beautiful girls are going to stay in style forever?" she barks plaintively. Has he ever considered what it would be like if all he had ever seen were onion rolls and in walked a bagel? "That's my trouble," she says. "I'm a bagel on a plate full of onion rolls."

Height of Nonchalance. The bagel makes it at Keeney's and goes on to do everything but spit and butter herself. Through the show, she has 18 costume changes and four hair styles. One moment she is hurtling through the air in a celebrational block party, and the next she is singing a deepsong called *People* ("People who need people are the luckiest people in the world"). One moment she is staggering offstage under a 3-ft. floral headdress that might have been fashioned by a faggot Cherokee, and the next she is an eight-months-pregnant bride in a mock-up Ziegfeld Follies production number.

So goes *Funny Girl*, a spun caduceus of Barbra Streisand the comic nut and Barbra Streisand the incomparable singer: Barbra Streisand in combat boots with red, white and blue bagels at her hips ("I'm Private Schwartz from Rock-away"); Barbra Streisand throwing her head back and really bringing a downpour with *Don't Rain on My Parade*. Her best comic scene is one in which Sydney Chaplin (as Nicky) comes to

"Six Expressions More
Than All the Barrymores"



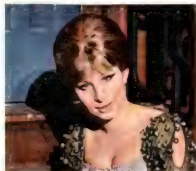
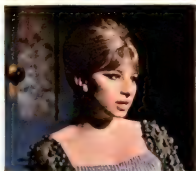
BETTING a number called *Corner Man*, Barbra re-creates Fanny Brice's no-help invasion of Broadway from the Lower East Side.



BACKSTAGE Barbra Streisand stares in mirror a long moment as in opening scene when she bubbles forth: "Hello, gorgeous."



BUMPTHOUSLY donning a Ziegfeld head-dress, Streisand clown's in same irreverent way that made Fanny Brice a Follies delight.



SEDUCTION SCENE is Edwardian farce as she is plied with dry

sherry and a blue marble egg. "A bit of *pâte*?" "I drink it all day."



SNAPPING her fan, Streisand is a parody of the vamp. To some, her profile is Nefertiti's; to others, purebred Brooklyn.

SELDOM IN REPOSE, her variable face acquires depth when she stops to contemplate. Then beneath all the laughs, audience discovers—another laugh.

life long enough to seduce her. She joins him in a private dining room in a restaurant. "That color is wonderful with your eyes," he tells her. "Just my right eye," she says. "I hate what it does to the left." She gulps his sherry, hides her *pitié* under a chaise longue, and sings:

Isn't this the height of nonchalance?

Furnishing a bed in restaurants.

She gulps more sherry, pauses to wonder "would a convent take a Jewish girl," circles the room on the run, and dives palms together onto the chaise to be had.

When the lights go up for intermission at *Fanny Girl* nearly everyone dives into the *Playbill* to find out all about Barbara Streisand. They don't learn much. Barbara is still onstage even in the biographical notes. She writes them herself. Her lifework has been to elevate and sculpt her own archetypic personality, and no string of drab printed facts is going to get in her way.

In *Playbill*, she says that she strings beads and likes old shoes, but does not mention where she was born. In the *Playbill* for *Wholesale*, she said that she was born in Madagascar and reared in Rangoon. It was easy enough to believe. After two martinis and an expensive-account steak, Barbara's Pharaonic profile and scarab eyes suggest the Aswan High Dam, Nefertiti, and the whole Afro-Asian bit. Some minor poets have even brooded over her fathomless Mesopotamian stare, as if her unique countenance could only have developed somewhere between the Tigris and the Euphrates. In truth, however, she was born and raised between Newtown Creek and the Gowanus Canal.

No Hands. Her recollections of a Brooklyn girlhood are somber. "It was pretty depressing, and I've blocked most of it out of my mind," she says. She never knew her father. He was a schoolteacher who died of a cerebral hemorrhage when his daughter Barbara Joan was a year old (1943). Her mother spent the next three years lying in bed, crying, and living on her brother's Army allotment checks until the checks stopped and she took an office job. Barbara spent her days in the hallways of the six-story brick apartment building they lived in, accepting handout snacks from neighbors.

As a slightly older kid, she used to go up on the rooftop, smoke, and think about being the greatest star. Down in the apartment, her mother warned her never to hold hands with a boy. "I never took part in any school activities or anything," Barbara remembers. "I was never asked out to any of the proms, and I never had a date for New Year's Eve. I was pretty much of a loner. I was very independent. I never needed anybody, really."

Her average at Erasmus Hall High School was in the 90s all the way. She worked in the evenings at Choy's Orient, the local wontonery. "I loved the idea of belonging to a small minor-

ity group," she says. "It was the world against us in the Chinese restaurant." And she worked on the personality that was to be Barbara. "I used to spend a lot of time and money in the penny arcades taking pictures of myself in those little booths. I'd experiment with different colored mascara on my eyes, try out all kinds of different hair styles and sexy poses."

Last Cough. When she was 14, she made her first trip out of Brooklyn—a subway ride to Manhattan to see *The Diary of Anne Frank*. "I remember thinking that I could go up on the stage and play any role without any trouble at all," she says. After school at home, she used to smoke in the bathroom and do cigarette commercials into the mirror, but she never bothered to go out for

OLIVER PICTURES



FANNY BRICE (1919)

"Would a convent take a Jewish girl?"

school plays. "Why go out for an amateurish high school production when you can do the real thing?"

Up she went to the Malden Bridge Playhouse near Albany for a summer of the real thing—washing out toilets, changing scenery, riding a goat *manqué* across the stage in *Teahouse of the August Moon*. Back home, she ushered in Broadway theaters during Saturday matinee and evening performances. About then, she decided that she only had six months to live. "You really appreciate life when you know you're going to die," she discloses. But before the last cough, she began making the rounds of actors' workshops, consulting the New York City telephone directories for a suitable pseudonym, and unquestionably finding a name in 8,000-000—Angelina Searangella.

That was only a shield to keep the name Barbara Streisand from getting bruised by uncouth hands. She had no desire to drop her own name—"because I wanted all the people I knew when I was younger to know it was me when I became a star." She hated her first name, though, and took an *a* out of it to shape it up. Today she likes to tell interviewers: "I don't care what you say about me. Just be sure you spell my name wrong."

Moving to Manhattan, she shared an apartment for a while, but then began lugging a portable cot around with her and mooching space where she could—in friends' apartments, public relations offices, studio lofts. She swept the floor at the Cherry Lane Theater and took acting lessons from Drama Coach Allan Miller and Eli Rill. She dyed her hair red, wore white makeup, and dressed in black tights, feathered boas and 1925 hats. Barbara has never striven to be inconspicuous.

Singing Actress. At this point, she had no interest in her innate comic abilities. "She was furious when the other students laughed," remembers Rill. "I kept telling her she had to develop what she had and not try to be somebody else. She would make it clear that my role was to make her into a tragic muse." She had no intention of becoming a singer either, but one day she heard about a remunerative amateur contest at a little Village bistro called *The Lion*. Learning *A Sleepin' Bee*, she sang it and resoundingly defeated a light-opera singer, another pop singer and a comedian. Almost at once she had a booking at the Bon Soir, the Copacabana of West Eighth Street. Barbara by then had developed an enduring fondness for other people's castaway clothes, particularly if the other people had cast them away at least 30 years before. These come cheap in Manhattan's thrift shops. When she first walked into the Bon Soir, she was wearing a \$4 black dress, a \$2 Persian vest, and old white satin 50c shoes with large silver buckles.

She introduced *Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf* there. It was the same song that children sing. But in her version, it seemed new, tripping perilously along the edge of probability, its innocence in doubt between the ceiling and the floor, which had suddenly become the dripping jaws of some unruly canine. And she is still experimenting in search of style. In one number there are conscious echoes ofolson, in some others perhaps unconscious ones of Lena Horne. She has a bit of Judy Garland, a hunk of Merman, and a whisper that brings Judy London to mind. But whatever echoes or familiar inflections may be circling the periphery, there is always something strong and Streisand coming through. She takes a role in every song. As she puts it, "I work as an actress when I'm singing."

She sings often too close to the top of her emotional range. Nearly every

song has a gasp, a weep, a shout. As one bass player once said: "She loses her cool."

Her essential gift is interpretation. She forms an idea of a song that is hers alone, and she makes it work. The master sample of this talent is her recording of *Happy Days Are Here Again*, sung so slowly that suddenly all the hidden irony and banality of it come shaking out like loose nails. The song had been around for more than a generation, but

alternative was stenography. Yet all through that era, people were telling her that she must have a carpenter surgeon plane down her nose. "That would be cheating," was Barbra's reaction. "I wouldn't be natural, know what I mean?" She has also been warned that such an operation might well change the quality of her voice.

Burnt Fingers. The span from *Bon Soir* to *Funny Girl* took only 31 years. But she became well enough known through *Wholesale*, TV shows and nightclub dates to be asked to Washington to sing for President Kennedy. Her opening line to the President was: "You're a doll." When he inquired politely how long she had been singing, she said: "As long as you've been President."

But she was virtually inexperienced as an actress when she began rehearsals for *Funny Girl*, and the show turned out to be one of the most fussed-over, reworked, overmanaged, multidirected Broadway productions ever—imposing expectations on its star that would have broken someone who lacked her will.

Producer Ray Stark was feeling his way and burning his fingers on almost everything he touched. A fabulously successful film producer (Seven Arts Productions), he had never before done a Broadway show. Furthermore his wife Frances is the daughter of Fanny Brice and Nicky Arnstein. So there were book problems right away. The actual Nicky was considered unacceptable as a leading man. He was a shiftless con man with a column of mercury for a spine, a criminal record, and a cavalier attitude toward Fanny's devotion and fidelity.

But there was more to the old Nick than a Ph.D. from Sing Sing. He was a man of resplendent metaphor. His shoe trees were casts that had been made from his feet, and he described himself as *distingué*. W. C. Fields modeled his style, his speech and his manner after Nicky Arnstein. Something quite approximate to the real Nicky might have cured the flaws in *Funny Girl*. Instead, Stark settled for a paraffin prince out of Franz Lehár, who only turns to fraud out of temporary insanity arising from his embarrassment over accepting hand-outs from Fanny. Hence Barbra Streisand has no competition on the stage. A fight to the death with a more vigorous Nicky, given plenty of songs of his own, might have balanced the night.

Odd Sounds. While Ray Stark was worrying about these things, *Funny Girl* opened in Boston and bombed. Writer Isabel Lennart began rewriting. Composer Jule Styne wrote twice as many songs as were finally used, and on the road \$30,000 worth of sets were thrown away. Isabel Lennart wrote 42 versions of the last scene alone. The cost of the show eventually climbed beyond

\$600,000. The date of its New York opening was changed four times. Five weeks before the New York opening, Garson Kanin was no longer directing, and Jerome Robbins was.

The trouble was not all in the second act, although that is what the giant brains were concentrating on. Some of the difficulty was with Barbra Streisand. In Boston she showed no flair for stage comedy, and merely sang the songs as they came along. In the 15 weeks that *Funny Girl* drifted toward Broadway, she picked up ten years' worth of stage presence and comic sense.

At first, in Boston, the wonderfully funny seduction scene was played straight. Barbra, something of a director herself, inspired the change to farce. She also proved to be an unbelievably quick study. One day during the New York previews, she was handed three new scenes and half a song, and she delivered them all flawlessly that evening. She even overcame electronic hazards. Although she has a big voice, she wears a microphone in her cleavage to help get the low, soft songs up to the balcony. The batteries are taped to her bottom. On opening night in Boston, this apparatus began receiving police calls that were audible beyond the footlights.

Sense of Courage. When *Funny Girl* finally opened, the novice star had added to her performance a dazzling spray of gestures, inflections and a hundred small takes. She was ready to carry the show on her own.

Her intensive education in the tryouts did more than produce a star for a single show, a female Ernest Borgnine doomed to television remembrances of *Murphy*. She is the sort that comes along once in a generation. She has more than mere technical versatility. The real force of her talent comes from an individual spirit that is unique, a kind of life force that makes her even more of a personality than a performer. "She



IN WASHINGTON WITH PRESIDENT KENNEDY
"You're a doll."

not until Streisand sang it was it ever more than a jingle.

With success at the *Bon Soir*, she needed plenty of new songs but had none. She called music publishers, said she was Vaughn Monroe's secretary: would they please send over some complimentary sheet music? It worked. Her brother Sheldon, an art director in the advertising business, used to take her to lunch in those days and make her walk three feet behind him because of her clothes. People stared at her. "She had these horrible rips in the back of her stockings," Sheldon remembers vividly. "I offered to buy her a new pair. She said, 'They're not ripped in front and I don't see them in back, so they don't bother me,' and refused to change them." She did give up her nomadic nights, however, and took an apartment over a Third Avenue seafood restaurant. Essence of decaying halibut came up through the floor boards, and in the summer the place smelled like the stomach lining of an alley cat.

Realistic Fear. Her public character was beginning to get across. Television Mike Wallace made her the semi-resident nut on his *PM Last* show. She made about a dozen appearances and in each one seemed to be straining a little harder to live up to her own axiom of eccentricity. "I scare you, don't I?" she said to Wallace's guest David Susskind one night. "I'm so far out I'm in." She was only trying desperately to be different, with an old realistic fear that with her unprepossessing looks her only

Now 83, Nicky lives in a seedy downtown Los Angeles hotel, where he declined to talk about *Funny Girl* because he had a heart attack last month and "the doctor says I'm not to get excited."



WITH MOTHER ON OPENING NIGHT
"She carries her own spotlight."

carries her own spotlight," says Jule Styne as a simple statement of observable fact.

People who knew and loved Fanny Brice say that Barbra's approximation of her is warmly moving and sometimes almost incredibly exact, but Barbra has never heard a Fanny Brice record or seen a Fanny Brice movie. Similarity draws from the shared Eastern-asphalt accents of the two women, from close resemblances in their wide mouths and angular gestures, and even more from the sense of courage that both put across in the act of provoking laughter.

Smoke Together. For all her brilliance, Barbra Streisand's confidence could still use a few years on the road. Broadway's critics gave her everything but frankincense and myrrh; yet she wondered why their reviews were not more enthusiastic and decided that they were ganging up upon her in an inexplicable personal attack. "All right, what is it? Am I great or am I lousy, huh? I need to know," she kept saying to anyone in sight last week.

Anyone generally included Elliott Gould, 25, her tall and attractive husband, who was the leading man in *I Can Get It for You Wholesale*. He, too, comes from Brooklyn. They have been married for a year. He seems to understand her better than anyone ever has, and he speaks of her quite humorously, freely and often movingly.

He saw her first at an audition for *Wholesale* and thought she was "the weirdo of all times." But "when I saw her next, I offered her a cigar and we had a smoke together. She was always kind of a loner. And the more I got to know her, the more I was fascinated with her. She needs to be protected. She's a very fragile little girl. She doesn't commit easily. I found her absolutely exquisite. As conventional beatniks go, she's different-looking. I had this desire to make her feel secure."

"A couple of weeks later, we were having a snowball fight at 2 o'clock in the morning at the Rockefeller Center skating rink. She threw pretty well, but I'm competitive and I have this hex on her. Anytime, I very delicately washed her face with snow and then kind of touched her lips. It wasn't very demonstrative. She's desperately insecure. She always thought of herself as an ugly duckling, and she made herself up to be weird as a defense. She liked me. I was the first person who liked her back."

Free Fragrance. With the fine flush of success, Barbra has hastily assembled some of the accoutrements of the gracious life, but is plainly still out of phase with it. She has rented a penthouse duplex on Central Park West that was once the home of Lorenz Hart during the great lyricist's last years. They have had the place about seven months, and it is still substantially empty, but Barbra is filling it with her own brand of antiques, the pursuit of which is her

only hobby. She has an old dentist's cabinet for her ribbons and lace, an apothecary jar filled with beauty marks, a Wedgwood slop bucket, slabs of stained glass ready for installation, an old captain's desk, Portuguese chairs, 50 used hats, and 80 ancient shoe buckles on as many ancient shoes, which she wears.

Every day begins with Elliott shouting over the intercom from the floor below: "Barbra, come and get your chick-



WATER-FROlicking WITH HUSBAND
"I have this hex on her."

en soup." In Hart's day, the apartment's focus was the bar. Now it is the kitchen, whose walls Barbra has covered with red patent leather. She neither drinks nor smokes, but she eats like a woman thrice her weight, which is 125 lbs. The kitchen is a self-service delicatessen heavily stocked with matzo brei, gefilte fish, grapefruit wedges, kosher salami, pickled beets, tzimmes, caviar, corn fritters, brownies, ice-cream rolls, cottage cheese, sweet potatoes, and enough frozen chicken TV dinners to pave the Piazza San Marco.

She is also a connoisseur of baked potatoes: she particularly likes them baked one day and reheated two days later when they get "hard on the outside and mooshy on the inside." But her consuming passion is coffee ice cream, specifically in Breyers bricks. Elliott brought cartons of it to her while she was out of town with *Funny Girl*. She is installing a small refrigerator beside the bed upstairs so she can eat virtually unlimited amounts of it while lying under the covers and watching horror movies on TV.

The place is full of jaunty potter-

geists. Whenever the phone rings, the TV set changes channels. There are only two books in sight: *Fanny and Zoëy* and *How to Achieve and Maintain Complete Sexual Happiness in Marriage*. Two dozen gardenias are delivered to the apartment each week. They float in an urn in the kitchen, a salad bowl in the dining room, a champagne glass in the bathroom, and a wooden bucket beside her bed. "A gardenia is like a free spirit," she says. "Its fragrance cannot be captured. It's like it doesn't want to be tied down and destroyed by all the sterility of the modern times."

Barbra, suffering from a few personal poltergeists herself, slips easily into the psychoanalytic ambience of modern times. "I think sensory," she says. "I don't have any trouble turning myself on or off. I just hate to become too intellectual. I always tell Elliott, talk to me sensory." Ray Stark, with an exhausted expression, says that "she'll drive you bats with too much analysis. It's not arrogance, but doubt. She is like a barracuda. She devours every piece of intelligence to the bone." One of her actor friends says that "she is like a filter that filters out everything except what relates to herself. If I said, 'There's been an earthquake in Brazil,' she would answer, 'Well, there aren't any Brazilians in the audience tonight, so it doesn't matter.'"

She still has the haggling instinct of her Brooklyn childhood and sometimes puts the weight of her new fame behind it, often insisting on discounts at local stores ("Listen, don't I deserve a discount or something? I mean, after all"), or ordering a secretary to "tell them that if they want my business, they'd better knock \$2 off that bill."

Whatever I Am. Sure that she wanted to become a star, Barbra Streisand is now not sure that she wants to be one. "I had to go right to the top or nowhere at all," she says. "I could never be in the chorus, know what I mean? I had to be a star because my mouth is too big. I'm too whatever-I-am to end up in the middle. The exciting part has been trying to get to wherever it is I'm going. It was exciting to get kicked out of all those casting offices."

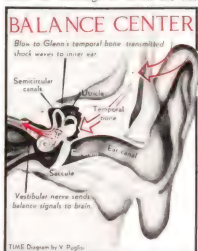
More than willing to forsake her anonymity, she has nonetheless felt the pain of its loss. People who recognize her in the street and ask for her autograph have always made her uncomfortable. Some of these people wear their hair like Barbra Streisand and display a glassy, communicant look when they see her, for she is a godhead in their most privately inarticulate reveries. Others who stop her are just impious strangers. They see her tasseled yellow blouse showing through under a South American skunk coat, her white wool slacks and dirty sneakers, her induplicable face, and they say, "Hey, you look like Barbra Streisand."

"Yeah," says Barbra. "Someone else told me that."

OTOLOGY

Inside the Inner Ear

The ear is much more than a hearing device, as both doctors and laymen were sharply reminded last week by the repercussions of what happened in Colonel John Glenn's inner ear when he "spun in" and banged his head on the edge of a bathtub. Just inside a man's ears is an exquisitely delicate mechanism, the workings of which are not



fully understood. When that mechanism is damaged, as in Glenn's case, by what his doctors at first called "a mild concussion," medical men are sometimes baffled because they cannot see into the inner ear to find what is wrong. Most of the standard tests reveal only negative information. And doctors dare not open the ear to look.

Three Canals. Man's external ear, even at its best, is merely decorative, and the transmission of sound waves through the canal and eardrum to the tiny vibrating bones (ossicles) is a relatively simple matter of sound mechanics. When the vibrations reach the cochlea, they are converted, by a somewhat more complex process, into electrical impulses for transmission to the brain along auditory nerves.

But also contained in the innermost third of the ear, and working in far more mysterious ways, is a labyrinth of three nonhearing organs. The best known is a set of three semicircular canals. Minute changes in the flow and pressure of the fluid in these canals send the brain such signals as "You're turning to the right." Together, the canals make up what is probably the most important single "organ of equilibrium." But there are others.

In the vestibule of the inner ear are two tough capsules called the utricle (from the Latin for a little womb) and the saccule (a little bag). These contain a gelatinous material in which are

suspended crystals of a chalky substance composed mainly of calcium carbonate, no bigger than grains of fine sand. In the space age, physiologists are learning much more about these otoliths (ear stones), which respond to forces of gravity or acceleration. Now otolith mechanisms are known to have an important function. The semicircular canals tell the brain when a man's position or posture is changing because of a turning motion. But it is the utricle that responds to acceleration, and the saccule to deceleration.

No Fracture. Glenn hit his head so hard that shock waves went rippling through his temporal bone. Since the inner and middle ears are contained in a cavity in this bone, they took the full force of the shock. The canals may have been bruised and become swollen. It is possible that the same thing happened to the utricle and saccule. There may have been some internal bleeding, though there is no direct evidence of it. It may be simply that the shock irritated the microscopic nerve endings that pick up signals from the nonhearing organs for transmission to the brain. What is clear is that Glenn's hearing is unimpaired, but when he moves his head, his brain receives garbled signals from his damaged organs of equilibrium. X rays do not show any bone fracture, and the electroencephalograph shows no brain damage.

The platoon of medical experts who have examined Glenn are unanimous in holding that his loss of balance and equilibrium has nothing to do with his having been subjected to eight or nine times the force of gravity in his space flight. Most victims of injuries to the inner ear recover in three to six weeks after no more treatment than rest and good care. Glenn's recovery is taking longer than average.

The World's Best Is Also the Cheapest

Machines at New Jersey's Sterling Drug Inc. have just produced their 100 billionth Bayer aspirin tablet for the insatiable U.S. market. All in all, U.S. industry now manufactures 27 million lbs. of aspirin a year—enough to fill four 100-car freight trains, enough for the 16 billion straight, five-grain aspirin tablets that Americans swallow each year, plus an even greater amount for the children's miniature aspirin and such formulations as Bufferin, APC tablets, Coricidin and Alka-Seltzer.

Aspirin well deserves its popularity. It is the world's first true wonder drug. And though it cures nothing, it is still the best palliative for an astonishing variety of ills, ranging from the common cold to the crippling deformity of rheumatoid arthritis. After 65 years of high-pressure research, surprisingly little is known about how aspirin works, but one thing is comfortably certain: at about half a cent a tablet it is the world's cheapest drug.

From the Willow. It must have been salicylic acid that Hippocrates was dealing with when he recommended extracts of willow bark* for relieving pain and fever. American Indians gave willow-bark tea for rheumatism and fevers. In 1763, an English clergyman, Edward Stone, found that willow tea eased the aches of malaria. By 1840, chemists isolated salicylic acid and thought they had a wonder drug, only to have physicians drop it quickly because it had too many harmful side effects. In 1853, Charles Frédéric Gerhardt did a bit of molecular manipulation in his Strasbourg laboratory and made acetylsalicylic acid ($C_9H_8O_4$). Having found it,

* The name salicylic acid is derived from the Latin *salix*, willow, though the same substance occurs in many plants, including spiraea, from which the word *aspirin* is derived.



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How to mix the smooth, new **Derby** Daiquiri at home with dry, light Puerto Rican rum

This frosty cocktail above is the inspired idea of a bartender at the Mai-Kai Restaurant in Fort Lauderdale, Fla. It's the Derby Daiquiri, an extremely smooth drink that demands Puerto Rican rum.

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Daiquiri. In fact, you can do it at home tonight—in less than a minute. The secret: new Frozen Fresh Daiquiri Mix. It saves you the bother of squeezing limes. And its pure tropical lime juice heightens the true Daiquiri flavor.

Try a Derby Daiquiri tonight.

Quick recipe: 1/2 oz. Daiquiri Mix; 1 oz. orange juice; 1/2 oz. white Puerto Rican rum; cup of crushed ice. Mix for 20 seconds in blender. Note: if Daiquiri Mix isn't available, use 1 1/2 oz. of fresh lime juice plus scant tsp. sugar.



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FREE: 26-page color booklet with 31 rum recipes. Write: Puerto Rican Rum Recipe Booklet, 266 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 19.



he failed utterly to appreciate its value, and put it on the shelf.

There it stayed until the 1890s, when Felix Hoffmann, working for Friedrich Bayer & Co. outside Düsseldorf, tried the drug on his father and found that it miraculously eased the old man's rheumatic pains. Hoffmann's boss, Heinrich Dreser, coined the name aspirin, and rushed the drug to market. Aspirin was a registered trade name, and still is in Germany, though it lost that privileged status in the U.S. in 1917, when the Monsanto Co. began to make it in large quantities. Like nearly all other important chemicals, it is now made synthetically from coal tar.

Universal Sovereign. In the early years, doctors learned about aspirin from their patients. They prescribed it for rheumatic pains, and patients volunteered the information that it also cured headaches. It has become the universal, sovereign remedy for dropping a fever, and for pain of practically any kind from hangover to cancer. In the rheumatic disorders, aspirin has a double action: it not only eases pain but, by lowering the temperature of inflamed joints and muscles, actually helps to check the disease process itself. It has a similar double action in gout. Aspirin's supremacy as an antirheumatic was threatened for a while after the hormones cortisone and ACTH appeared in 1949, but it is once again "the drug of choice," except in special cases where doctors find the risks of the hormones' side effects are justified.

Some physicians have found evidence that aspirin may literally act like the hormones and stimulate the patient's adrenal glands to work better. A similar added benefit is suspected, but not yet proved, for victims of kidney stones: originally prescribed only to relieve the pain, aspirin may help to keep new stones from forming.

Aspirin has a great advantage over most other painkillers, notably morphine, in that it is nonaddicting, and the dosage does not have to be progressively increased. It has no attraction for suicidal adults; the vast majority of people can take huge overdoses without killing themselves.

But an overdose may be lethal for small children, and 100 or more in the U.S. die from aspirin poisoning in an average year. Thousands more, beguiled by candy coatings and flavors, are made so deathly ill that they have to have their stomachs pumped out. Aspirin irritates the lining of the stomach, and ulcer victims often find the effects of the medicine worse than the headache they are trying to cure. In extreme cases, they suffer internal bleeding or their ulcers perforate. As with all drugs, a few people are abnormally sensitive to aspirin; even a normal dose may cause dizziness, nausea, a skin rash, or an asthmatic crisis.

But such unfortunate are the exception. By and large, aspirin is good for what ails you.

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SHOULDERS on the Dunlop ELITE premium nylon tire and on the Dunlop GOLD SEAL... the first original equipment first line tire with this new kind of protection. Check the Yellow Pages for the Dunlop dealer nearest you.



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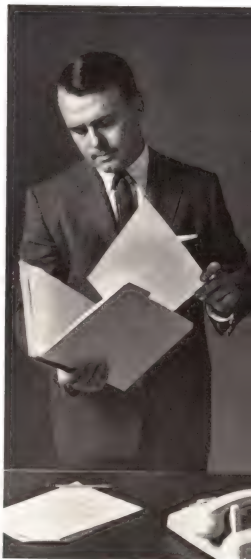
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92nd Street's 90th

Stuck on her first chapter, the novelist ventured to read it a few years ago at Manhattan's 92nd Street Y. The appreciation that she sensed encouraged Mary McCarthy to sail home and finish her book, *The Group*. The Y's famed Poetry Center is like that. There Dylan Thomas wrote the final lines of *Under Milk Wood*, barely in time to hand them to Y actors who were giving the play its first group reading. Robert Frost made an annual pilgrimage for ten years. Britain's T. S. Eliot made it a top stop. So have scores of other writers—Robert Graves, Thomas Mann, F. E. Cummings, Joyce Cary, Wallace Stevens, Aldous Huxley, Marianne Moore, Tennessee Williams, James Baldwin, John Cheever. The Budapest String Quartet first thrived there. So did Choreographer Agnes de Mille, who says that without the Y modern dance would be ancient history.

Showers & Violins. Ninety years old this week, this uniquely cultural Y is known officially as the Young Men's & Young Women's Hebrew Association. The founders, leading Jewish philanthropists of the 1870s, aimed at "the cultural and intellectual advancement of Jewish young men." At first that meant luring immigrant kids off the streets with hot showers and 5¢ violin lessons. Later it meant developing the New York Pro Musica ensemble, harboring dancers from Martha Graham to Jose Limon, and attracting some of the most literate audiences in the U.S.

While salvaging such once-poor Jewish boys as Bernard Baruch and Billy Rose, the 92nd Street YMHA has always refused to be parochial. In 1880, for example, it led New York Jews in raising cash for "the starving people in Ireland." Nowadays about 15% of its membership is non-Jewish. Unlike Christian Ys, this one has been unabashedly coed since World War II. Mixing is the rule in everything from the swimming pool to the residence halls, which in a recent year produced eleven engagements that broke the shower-giving Happy Day Fund.

Greek & Judo. Each year more than a million people use the worn buff building that the YMHA now hopes to expand at a cost of \$3,400,000. The place throbs with judo, handball, bar bells and basketball, but no other Y has gone so far beyond the swim-gym syndrome. With 50 teachers and 700 students, it has a music school that most universities would envy. It runs a nursery school with a waiting list a generation long, a mammoth teen-age program of art, drama and discussion. It teaches thousands of Jewish adults to renew their religious roots, and offers everyone courses ranging from Greek tragedy to the psychology of love. To cap it all, 300,000 people a year now attend the YMHA's plays, concerts and poetry readings. It is the country's biggest Jewish center, perhaps the world's. For New Yorkers of every faith, it is a center of opportunity that hopefully will endure as long as Bach and brawn.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Song for Dropouts

"The worst thing about being a dropout," deadpans Comedian-Singer Allan Sherman, 39, "is that you don't have a school song. So I wrote one." The result, seven verses of roughshod wit set to a lively medley of college tunes, is the hit of Sherman's new record, *Allan in Wonderland*. His mordant *Drop-Outs March* may do more to keep kids in school than hours of sermonizing by principals and parents. Samples:

♪ ♪ TIME, FORCE

*Drop dropouts out of school
Proud of the will to fail,
You won't find us in the school hall—
Look in the pool hall
Or in jail.*

♪ SLOWLY, WITH FEELING

*Ignoramus, there you are,
Sitting in your hopped-up car,
And your brains ain't up to par,
And your cars stick out too far.*

Sherman's own school career was one long, unintentional succession of dropouts. His mother married four times, kept moving before, after and during each marriage. Between the ages of 6 and 16, he attended 21 schools in Chicago, Los Angeles, New York City and Miami. Once, it was young Sherman who insisted on switching; he refused to enroll in a high school because it did not teach Latin, a language in which he now boasts conversational proficiency. He ultimately leached up in the University of Illinois and departed before graduation as a draftee.

Obviously no typical dropout, he went on to success and riches in show business. But he still feels mild pangs of guilt about his casual academic career, and the song is supposed to make dropouts squirm. It does. Several West Coast disk jockeys told Sherman that they won't play the song during peak audience hours, 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. That's when the dropouts are still moping around the house wondering what trouble to get into. Mustn't offend them.

INTEGRATION

What's a Neighborhood?

A neighborhood school is a school in a neighborhood—but what's a neighborhood? In Chicago, which has the most sharply segregated school system of any major Northern city, a panel of experts issued a report criticizing the traditional neighborhood school for preventing integration. They urged the school board to create bigger neighborhoods that would include several schools and by open enrollment give Negro students an opportunity to attend previously all-white schools. Would this destroy the neighborhood? No, said the experts; it would simply "enlarge" the neighborhood.

In Little Rock, Ark., it isn't enlarging the neighborhood that's called for; it's letting Negro children go to neighborhood schools. As it is, some of the city's 7,000 Negro students must pay their way on city buses and ride past white schools to get to the nearest all-Negro schools. Although all grades in Little Rock schools will be tokenly desegregated in September, so far less than 2% of Negroes go to previously all-white schools.



MEMBERS EXERCISING



"YMHA" IN MANHATTAN



POET DYLAN THOMAS (1953)

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You'd also expect that a leader in cryogenics, the science of supercold, would develop an improved process for making the frozen orange juice concentrate that starts Tricia McDonald off to a bright, good morning.

But there might be some doubt that two such unlike activities as helping to speed steel production and helping to improve frozen orange juice could come from one company. Unless you knew about Union Carbide.



For Union Carbide is also one of the world's largest producers of petrochemicals. As a leader in carbon products, it is developing revolutionary graphite molds for the continuous casting of steel. It is the largest producer of polyethylene, and makes plastics for packaging, housewares, and floor coverings. Among its consumer products is "Prestone" brand anti-freeze, world's largest-selling brand. And it is one of the world's most diversified private enterprises in the field of atomic energy.

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FOLK SINGERS

For the Love of It

"There ain't no place around this holy town where a fella can get all them devils out of his throat," the expatriate folk singer complained—and he was right: for all its glories, Rome had no nightclub for folk singers. Such a cultural omission might have been easily endurable, but when an American Negro painter named Harold Bradley opened his Il Folk Studio two years ago, Rome greeted it like springtime. Since then, the Studio has become a genuine academy of folk-lore song and is fast becoming the most popular club in the city. Last week, noting the Studio's importance to the musical life of Rome, the Italian government even promised Bradley a subsidy.

The Studio's polyglot performers turn the dim basement room into a Cellular of Babel. Tennessee banjo pickers and American Negro folk singers take their turns with such musicians as a Sudanese *oud* player and a Japanese painter who sings improvised melodies to verses from Confucius. One night's program may include everything from a down-home treatment of *Bullin' the Jack* to a Yugoslavian dirge, and there is even one Italian folk singer whose songs are collected in the best ethnic tradition—from peasants, workmen, and lifers in an open-air prison in Sardinia.

Bradley, a 33-year-old former full-back for the Cleveland Browns, offers his audience as few comforts as possible. The Studio serves only hot wine and popcorn, and the customers are crowded unmercifully into a room scarcely larger than a pool table. The boss pays his performers only food and cartage, and the constantly changing program denies them even the salve of star billing. To pure folk singers, though, the problems are minor, and

the Studio has become a shrine that wins the affectionate services of such stars as Odetta, Bob Dylan and Pete Seeger when they pass through town. Bradley still has trouble explaining the source of his ambition. He gets a "restraining" sense from folk songs, he says. But his success can be stated simply: for both audience and performers, the Studio offers the pleasure of making music for the love of it.

ORATORIOS

The Meaning of the Rats

The narrator's voice is cold. Thousands of rats, he says, have come from the cellars and sewers to die in the city's streets. The plague has begun. The dead will be carried away in tramears. There is a panicked whisper of running feet, a scream, a distant moan. The chorus is a clamor of wails—"The rats, the rats." Trombones trail down the declining moan of an air-raid siren, and the orchestra shrieks in echoed despair. In a long, fatal moment, the music dies on the slowly fading tremor of a gong. And in that long moment last week, a hushed audience at London's Royal Festival Hall perceived the chilling profundity of Roberto Gerhard's *The Plague*, an oratorio of terror based on the novel by Albert Camus.

Climate of Fear. Gerhard (TIME, Jan. 18, 1963) approached the novel almost piously, and his libretto lost little of the power of Camus' bitter wisdom: as in the novel, the rats may be real, but the plague is only a shadow of the greater horrors man makes for himself. "The plague," said Conductor Antal Dorati, "is all diseases of the mind, every dictatorship, every war, and there is no real freedom as long as there are pestilences. The rats may come again to the happy city. This is the message."

Making the point in music required a



COMPOSER GERHARD
Chilling, but profound.

storm of inventiveness, and Gerhard, 67, proved himself to be a resourceful composer. Violin bows drawn across cymbals' edges make their pale, tortured protest as they create an eerie, shimmering climate of fear. A nail file raked across piano strings evokes wind against telegraph wires. The murmur and patter of the rats in the streets is sounded by cellists tapping clamped strings.

Such stunts were scarcely noticed beneath the spell cast by the premiere. With Dorati conducting the BBC Symphony and Chorus and Actor Stephen Murray narrating the dark libretto, Gerhard's difficult music got the intense performance it requires and deserves. The audience—having held its emotional breath for 40 minutes—responded with a sustained ovation.

A Shutter's Creak. *The Plague* is neither as sustained nor complex as Benjamin Britten's *War Requiem*, but it invites comparison to that modern masterwork in its personal comment on a desperate universal theme. A Spanish exile who lives in near hermitry outside Cambridge, Gerhard spent more than a year fashioning his brilliantly distilled libretto from Stuart Gilbert's translation of the novel, then found the music for his words in six more months. The score has only the merest wisps of melody, but the music achieves some deeply stirring and unnerving moments—as when an orchestral whimper mimics the creak of a shutter in an empty street.

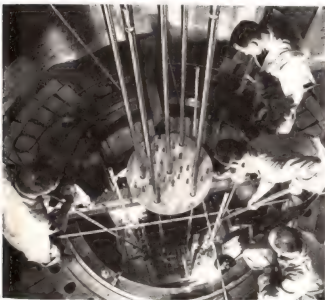
Gerhard's affinity for Camus first led him to consider writing an opera based on the late French author's bleak first novel, *The Stranger*, and he still plans to do the work—if he can win a commission. But while lying ill two years ago, the musical approach to the message of *The Plague* struck him. "It is man's bestiality to man, and the pestilence is the fight against terror." That message, he says, "took my imagination by storm."



SPRINGTIME AT IL FOLK STUDIO
Crowded, but deeply retraining.



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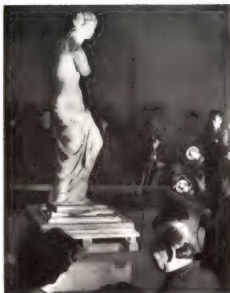


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"VENUS" UNCRATED IN TOKYO

Priceless Peripatetics

Art is on the move. The Louvre's *Venus de Milo*, weighing more than a ton, arrived in Japan to grace the summer Olympics, having lost four chips of plaster and marble added during a 19th century restoration (they were glued back on). To enhance the New York World's Fair, Michelangelo's 6,700-lb. *Pieta* was eased off its pedestal in St. Peter's Basilica in Rome, slid down planks lubricated with laundry soap and packed in a double box with a foam plastic that cushions the marble and supports it by filling every cranny. For the sea voyage, the Vatican took out \$6 million in humpty-bumpy insurance, plus another \$20 million for its stay at the fair, just about enough to pay for the Vatican's embarrassment if the sculpture broke. In Spain, squabbling continued over the proposed loan to the fair of El Greco's 15-ft. by 24-ft. *The Burial of Count Orgaz*, while workmen waited to peel it from a wall in Toledo's Santo Tomé Church.

Flown into New York City, to go on display at once at the Guggenheim Museum, were 120 Van Goghs (60 paintings and 60 drawings) strapped to seats in a jet. And Whistler's 92-year-old mobile *Moth*, lent by the Louvre, went on view in St. Louis.

Moving great works of art always stirs fears—vivid thoughts of a plane's crashing and burning with a considerable part of the work of Van Gogh, or the *Pieta* gently cracking in two along some unknown flaw line (although technicians, having bombarded the sculpture with X rays and cobalt 60 gamma rays, have discovered it to be the perfect piece of marble that Michelangelo said it was). Beyond fears for the safety of the art, its sponsors are given to worry over whether the likes of World's



PACKING "PIETÀ" IN ROME

With the help of laundry soap, foam plastic and glue.

Fair or Olympic crowds can appreciate great works of art. The *Venus de Milo* is being shown in a flashy arena with a moving platform to carry viewers by without strain: the *Pieta* will be dramatically lighted in a staging designed by Jo Mielziner.

Such precautions greatly underrate the proved ability of ordinary people to be moved by art. As Venus reached Tokyo, French Critic Claude Roger-Marx wrote: "I am one of those people who believe that museums are not simply repositories and that masterpieces should not be condemned to immobility. They belong to all mankind." Minister of Culture André Malraux agreed. "To take a simple example," he said. "In Washington, poor women came with their children and approached the *Mona Lisa* with their eyes lowered, raised them to see it, then went into the crowd and came back again, as if seeing icons."

Because Water Hates Grease

For stone. Today it is the trademark, or "chop," as printmakers call it, of the Tamarind Lithography Workshop, a modern, scientific, and rather messianic attempt to revive the making of graphic art from stone. As the Los Angeles-based, nonprofit workshop prepared to print its chop last week on the 1,000th litho created there since its beginning four years ago, it seemed to mark the rebirth of an art form lately thought inferior to painting because of its duplication by mechanical means.

Goya never worried about that: he did 23 series in the new art when he was nearly 80. Daumier put lithography to use in mass communication, publishing 4,000 editions of his social satire, *Toulouse-Lautrec*, adding color, posted florid cancan girls on every street corner. But lithography seemed to many

20th century U.S. artists too much part of the mass world.

Pressure Cooker. True enough, a lithography studio like Tamarind does resemble an industrial plant—it is full of polished stones, pots of ink, presses, reams of handmade paper. The artist's task, in the simplest form of lithography, is to draw his work on flat stone with a greasy crayon. A printer-artisan wets the stone with water, which the grease rejects, and then rolls on ink, which the grease accepts. When the artisan presses paper to the stone, the ink prints the work of art, and the process can be repeated as many times as the artist requires.

The rub, in the U.S., has been to find an artisan-printer fully qualified to work with an artist. In 1958, a spunky Chicago woman named June Wayne had to travel to Paris to find an artisan with whom to illustrate a book of John Donne's poetry. She griped to the Ford Foundation, which has since mollified her with \$565,000 worth of grants to found Tamarind for a limited period of time, and made her its director.

Named for the Hollywood street it faces, Tamarind is a complex of white-stucco-walled buildings where the lights generally burn late seven nights a week. "This place is a kind of a pressure cooker," says Director Wayne, 46. "If you don't have a lot of time to fool around, dammit, you don't fool around." The time ends in 1965, when the Ford subsidies stop and Tamarind will have to try to carry on by itself.

Direct as Oils. Seventy-two artists have come to Tamarind to see and conquer lithography. Lipchitz' only litho bears Tamarind's chop. Richard Diebenkorn, Antonio Frasconi, John Hultberg, Henry Pearson, John Paul Jones, Misch Kohn, James McGarrrell, Louise Nevelson, Rico Lebrun and José Luis Cuevas have done prints there. Yet

LITHOGRAPHY AT TAMARIND



JUNE WAYNE, artist-director of the Los Angeles workshop, captures the livid, melancholy hue of death in *Dorothy the Last Day*.

SAM FRANCIS, in abstracted trio of spattery rainbow skulls, shows that lithos can match the fluid sweep of oil paintings.



"So I said, 'I want to get
some fun out of my money...'"

We hear it so often: "I work too hard to spend it on insurance." The words change but the tune is the same: some people would rather *enjoy* themselves than buy insurance. Point is, you can do *both*. A good insurance program does not have to be planned at the expense of The Good Life. *But* it takes one heck of an insurance man to make it all come true. He must be alert to the special opportunities presented by the wide range of Prudential

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The Prudential Insurance Company of America



Tamarind does more than make lithos: it makes lithographers. Seventeen artisans, usually on leave from college graphic-arts departments, have received \$1,200 grants for three-month working sojourns. Tamarind conducts a research lab where artisans experiment with new lithographic methods.

By its nature, lithography is more direct and spontaneous than other graphic arts. No chiseling, carving or etching is required: the artist just draws on the stone. Wide ranges of effects are possible: both June Wayne's *Dorothy the Last Day*, an impression of her mother just before she died, and Sam Francis' untitled abstraction use four colors apiece. Lithography bears up under

JULIUS WEISER



WAYNE & PEARSON AT TAMARIND
Creating lithos and lithographers.

both subtle gradations and flamboyant freedoms of color, fluidity of materials and spontaneity. When desired, reproductions from the stone can artfully simulate many of the effects of painting.

One Score Editions. Each edition, or "strike," of Tamarind lithos is limited to 20 for the artist to sell and nine unnumbered prints for the workshop. Six of the nine are sold to collectors for the benefit of Tamarind; three are kept for historical, teaching and loan purposes. The artist, with his artisan, supervises each reproduction. Each of the artist's prints bears, in his own handwriting, the notation 1/20, 2/20, etc. After the scheduled number is completed, the stone is "regrained" (erased), and a cancellation proof is made to certify the end of the edition.

Tamarind believes in the traditions of medieval guilds. Craftsmanship and cooperation between artist and artisan are the rule. Those who have left their studios to travel to the unartsy atmosphere of Tamarind have applauded the experience, and art buyers applauded the chance to get new art of all kinds at prices lower than single oils. After all, a score of lithos hardly floods the market.

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**Some thoughts
of a St. Louis
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the day he
made his first
solo flight
in a Cessna:**



Got Remember, a little right rudder. Ease back and let her take off by herself.

Six hundred feet. Check both sides for aircraft. All clear. Okay, start the turn.

An old tradition with flyers is to cut off your shirttail when you solo. Cessna dealers then place the cloth with your name in a commemorative trophy for your home or office.

"**W**ere you scared?" invariably was the first question my non-flying friends asked when I told them I had soloed. And the answer was: "No." I had expected to be nervous, but actually I was too busy making sure I wouldn't embarrass myself with a bouncy landing or something.

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Yep, he's getting out—this is really it. I had a feeling it would be today. Solo!



Don't do anything dumb. No planes on downwind... base... final approach.



Level off on the downwind leg. So far so good. Oh, mannn—I'm doing it!



Flew a good pattern if I do say so myself. All lined up now; just take her in...



Fine... fine... ease back... smoothly... hold it off... that's right; I can just feel it.



Smooooooth!

flaps and float right down. The landing gear lets you practically drive onto the strip. It's spring steel, so it smooths out your landings and helps you correct misjudgments you might make at first. (Cessna calls it "Land-O-Matic," and once you try it you'll see why.) So what all this means is that you haven't anything more serious to worry about than a little kidding if you goof.

Best of all, it doesn't take long to learn. I was in my eleventh hour of instruction when I soloed. (I'm not bragging; a couple friends of mine even did it in less time.) Now with a student's license, I go up alone to practice. I get a big kick out of that. And in a few weeks I'll get my private ticket. Then I can take passengers. That's when the fun really begins!

The next step after learning to fly... is to get a plane. And there are several ways: flying clubs (in which costs are shared by the members)... rent a plane (as low as 10¢ a mile)... buy a used Cessna... or buy a new Cessna. The best way depends on how much you travel. The easiest way to decide is to ask your Cessna dealer.

So take the first step now: see your Cessna dealer about flying lessons. In the meantime—for a free copy of Pre-Flight Facts (it tells you about how and why an airplane flies), write: Cessna Aircraft Company, Dept. T4-7, Wichita, Kansas.

CESSNA

MILESTONES

Birth Revealed. To Shelagh Delaney, 25, Lancashire bus driver's daughter whose angry young drama *A Taste of Honey* (written when she was 18) described the coming of age of a Manchester slum wail with the birth of her illegitimate baby: a daughter; in London, on March 4. The name of the father and her own marital status, said the playwright, "are things I am not prepared to discuss at the moment."

Morried. Melinda Wayne, 23, daughter of Hollywood's durable Duke; and Gregory Robert Munoz, 26, prosecutor for the Los Angeles District Attorney; in Hollywood, in a ceremony performed by Los Angeles' James Francis Cardinal McIntyre.

Divorced. Walter Samuel Johnson, 79, multimillionaire San Francisco lumberman who gave \$2,000,000 in 1959 to restore the city's historic Palace of Fine Arts; and Pauline Cook Johnson, 57, his third wife: in a double decree (she won her divorce on the ground of cruelty, he won his on cruelty and adultery); after 27 years of marriage, no children; in San Francisco, after six years of litigation and an 85-day trial that cost Johnson more than \$3,000,000 in settlement, fees and court costs.

Died. Alejandro Lavarante, 27, Argentine boxer who won 17 heavyweight bouts in the U.S., lost five (including one each to Cassius Clay and Archie Moore); of brain injuries suffered when he was knocked out by San Francisco's Johnny Riggins in September 1962; in Mendoza, Argentina. Despite three craniotomies, Lavarante remained in a coma for 18 months, though nurses fed him meals, guided him through exercises, even trained him to comb his hair.

Died. Vice Admiral John Madison ("Uncle John") Hoskins, 65, who lost his right foot in a Japanese attack on the carrier *Princeton* in Leyte Gulf in 1944, seadoggedly battled top brass to return to duty ("Hell, Admiral, the Navy doesn't expect a man to think with his feet," he told "Bull" Halsey), by 1950 won command of the Seventh Fleet's Carrier Division III, whose jet squadrons led the attack in Korea; of a stroke; in Falls Church, Va.

Died. The Rev. John Haynes Holmes, 84, crusading churchman, longtime (1907-49) pastor of Manhattan's prestigious Unitarian-Universalist Community Church, who campaigned against capital punishment and corruption the played a key role in dethroning New York's Mayor James J. Walker in 1932), worked for causes ranging from birth control to nuclear disarmament, helped found the American Civil Liberties Union and the N.A.A.C.P.; of pneumonia; in Manhattan.

HUNTING & FISHING

Budget Safari

Oh, those ads! SAFARIS, UNBELIEVABLY LOW COST, 30 DAYS IN BOTH UGANDA AND TANGANYIKA, ONLY \$3,490.

Ah, well. For the privileged few with \$3,500 Holland & Holland rifles and fat letters of credit, Africa is still the place for those snarling big cats and tawny skins to adorn a bare den wall. But nowadays, for U.S. sportsmen with low budgets and yens for high adventure, there's Costa Rica right next door.

Timid Tapirs. Only 4½ hours and \$77 from Miami by plane, democratic, relatively peaceful (last revolution: 1978) Costa Rica is a zoologist's and hunter's dream. No one ever heard of bag limits, game wardens don't exist, and critters are everywhere. Last month, just ten miles outside the mountain-circled capital city of San José, a farmer plucked a wild black cat that measured 6½ ft. from nose to tail.

Guanacaste Province, in the west, is the winter haven of all those pintail ducks and Canadian geese that flapped south over the U.S. last fall. Herds of *venados*, or white-tailed deer, bound over the plains, pursued by hungry pumas; 6-ft. iguanas and huge tup (to 4 ft. wide) alligators sun themselves along the river banks. But it is for the dense jungles of Sarapiquí, northeast of San José, that U.S. hunters are heading. There, packs of as many as 1,000 wild pigs grunt through the bush, uprooting and trampling all the foliage in their path. Timid, 600-lb. tapirs—distant relatives of the African rhinoceros—plod warily along the narrow, muddy trails. Chachalacas, parrots and

howler monkeys noise endlessly from the tree tops.

El Tigre. More important to nimrods who want to shoot their own fur coats, the Sarapiquí jungle is home to five different varieties of wild cat, ranging from the little margay (about the size of an overgrown Siamese) to *El Tigre* himself: the jaguar—third largest cat in the world (behind the true tiger and the African lion).

A jaguar safari in Sarapiquí is no sport for weak knees or weak stomachs. Not for Costa Ricans are the portable refrigerators, battery-operated 1 P photographs and folding beds of the Kenya set. In Sarapiquí it is man: tent, sleeping bag and insect repellent against the elements. The jungle is so thick, even on the trails, that it sometimes takes a machete-wielding hunter 20 minutes to go 100 yds. Standard safari fare is beans and rice, plus whatever the hunter shoots for the pot—boar steaks, perhaps, or delicate morsels of *tepet-enitule*, a 25-lb. creature that claims kinship with the rat.

Nighttime Lesson. The jaguar, a wily, elusive beast that is vicious when cornered, is hunted either by day with dogs or by night with lights. Daredevil bushland residents, like Sarapiquí's Froylan Ponce, prefer night hunting because "it is surer—*El Tigre* moves at night." Others, like Enrique Martínez, a professional guide from San José, have learned a lesson or two. Two years ago Martínez was leading a hunting party that jumped a 250-lb. jaguar at night. He trained his coal miner's head lamp on the animal while one of the hunters took aim and fired. Wounded and enraged, the jaguar leaped—straight for

Martínez' head lamp. In the nick of time, he flung the lamp to the ground, and the party scattered into the bush. Says Martínez: "I'm still shuddering."

A hunter's delight, Costa Rica is just as much an angler's paradise. Trusting, and innocently ignorant of flies with hooks, big rainbow trout swim serenely in never-fished mountain streams. Rivers churn with exotic freshwater gamefish that cannot even be found in angling encyclopedias. There is the *hobo*, or bubblefish, an elusive silverside that dwells in the rapids and attacks a wet fly like something good to eat. There is the *machuca*, an acrobatic inhabitant of still-water pockets that looks like a cross between a herring and a white shad and often leaps itself spectacularly to death when hooked. And there is the lavender-hued *gnapote*, a tasty pan fish that weighs anywhere from 2 to 12 lbs., can sever a sturdy wire leader with one crinch of its needle-sharp teeth.

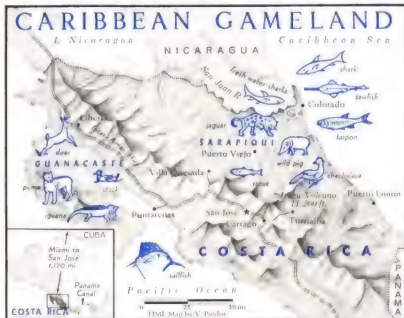
Liver Shippers. From Puntarenas, on the Pacific Coast, salt-water fishermen set out to tackle big marlin and sailfish, and each spring the river mouths along Costa Rica's Caribbean coast are choked with spawning snook and tarpon—so thick that thousands can sometimes be seen roiling the surface of the water. Where the school fish congregate, so do the predators—monster sawfish, and sharks, sharks, sharks. Using only hand lines, fishermen of the Caribbean village of Colorado last year caught 1,800 sharks in less than three months—and shipped the livers to Chinese medicine makers on Formosa.

Colorado (pop. 800) is also the site of Costa Rica's biggest attraction for foreign fishermen: the annual Holy Week tarpon-fishing tournament sponsored by San José's Club Amateur de Pesca. The 62 entrants in this year's contest came from such chilly climes as Worcester, Mass., and included a group of 17 from Indiana. Flying into San José two weeks ago, they boarded buses, rode four hours to Puerto Viejo—the end of the road. There they packed their gear into dugout canoes equipped with outboards, put-putted for another nine hours down the Sarapiquí River and the San Juan. The fishing more than made up for the hardship. One of the world's ten top gamefish, the tarpon is a jumping fool that often runs well over 100 lbs., can snap a line almost at will or make a reel smoke with his furious runs. Experienced fishermen count themselves lucky to boat one out of every ten tarpon they hook into. In three short days at Colorado, contestants boated 102 fish.

PRIZEFIGHTING

Sonny & Co.

The heavyweight championship of the world did a lot for Sonny Liston, considering how briefly he held it—one year and five months, to be exact. For one thing, he learned how to sign his name to checks and things. And he fell





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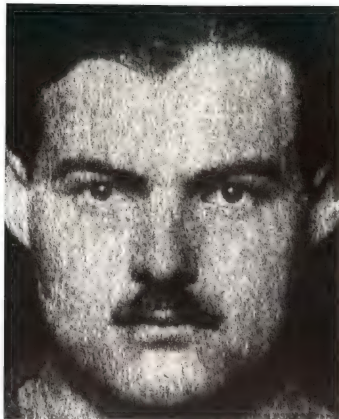
in with a classy circle of friends and business associates.

Last week, one by one, Sonny's chums and associates paraded before the Senate Subcommittee on Antitrust and Monopoly in Washington. There was Sam Margolis, a pudgy, pious Philadelphia, who freely admitted his friendship with Blinky Palermo, who, as everyone knows, is a friend of Frankie Carbo, who in turn is nothing less than elite—at least in his line of work. (He is currently serving a term of 25 years in federal prison for extortion.) Asked how Sonny happened to sign away 55% of his interest in his personal-promotion company (worth an estimated \$100,000) to Margolis, Sam puffed on his cigar and patiently explained that Liston had run up a tab of "thousands of dollars" in his restaurant—a favorite hangout for students from the nearby University of Pennsylvania. "I trusted him," said Sam. "Sonny used to play checkers with the college students." Liston cut him in purely out of gratitude, said Margolis: "I am his best friend, at least in Philadelphia."

A Lot of Bread. Then there were the Nilons, Bob and Jack, promoters and general "advisers" to Liston. Bob unabashedly claimed credit for persuading Cassius Clay to challenge Liston for the title. "It might be fair to say that I am the person who talked Clay into actually being heavyweight champion," he said. Jack admitted that he stands to collect \$400,000 as his share of the bout's proceeds, but he shrugged that off as incidental. "There's a lot more to life than bread," Commented Michigan Senator Philip A. Hart: "There's a lot of bread in that life."

There were others. Liston seemed to be surrounded by curious people—like Nevada Gambler Ash Resnick, described as "athletic director" of a Las Vegas hotel, who was in Sonny's corner on the night he lost the title. And Pep Barone, a Palermo factotum, who was a ubiquitous visitor at Liston's training camp. ("Sonny thinks Pep is good luck," explained Nilon. "He's very superstitious.") The tenderness of the hearings reached a high point with the testimony of paradoxical Edward Lassman, a member of the Miami Beach Boxing Commission, which gave its official blessing to the title fight. Now, in his other capacity as president of the World Boxing Association, Lassman wants to take Cassius' title away—because Cassius brags too much. Obviously, not everybody agrees: Lassman complained that he has been receiving threatening phone calls. "I have suffered for my convictions," said Lassman, dabbing at a bleeding sore on his lip.

An End to Leeches. The Senators did not think it was particularly touching. Demanding an end to "the leeches who monopolize the faith and confidence of the untutored boxer," New York's Kenneth Keating called for immediate passage of a bill that would put a federal appointee in full charge of the sport.



The first posthumous work of **ERNEST HEMINGWAY**

This week, LIFE presents major excerpts from Hemingway's "A Moveable Feast." This outspoken story of his early years in Paris, during the Twenties—the story Hemingway himself wanted published next—is certain to be a literary sensation of 1964.

Features like this draw 8,500,000 college-educated adults to LIFE. If you have a product to sell, shouldn't this unmatched quality audience be seeing your ad, too? **LIFE**





A TRUE STORY

They mapped a \$354,000,000 plan to help keep the peace.

India and West Pakistan were on the brink of conflict in a dispute over the waters of the Indus Basin. With large population increases, both countries desperately needed the water for farming and manufacturing. Eight years of negotiations preserved a fragile peace. In 1961, an agreement was reached to share the waters by building storage dams and irrigation canals.

Construction bids were freely invited. The winning bid, \$354,000,000, was awarded to a combine of eight American contractors, several of whom were customers of The First National Bank of Chicago. Soon after the contract was awarded, our Division J, which specializes in construction loans, arranged a meeting with officers of the combine.

The problems were enormous. To construct the two giant hydroelectric dams, the combine would have to transport 150,000 tons of equipment to Pakistan. Build a city to house a work force of 9000. And train unskilled labor for highly-skilled jobs.

In spite of the difficulties, the combine presented workable

plans for getting the job done, and our Divisional Officers listened, considered and concurred. We agreed to finance the project on a participation basis with two other banks. To help expedite the project, our loan took the form of a revolving line of credit.

Ground was broken in June of 1962. Today, the construction is on schedule. When completed in 1968, the dams and canals will irrigate millions of farmland acres in West Pakistan and India. And one million kilowatts of hydroelectric power, generated by the dams, will speed industrialization in under-developed areas.

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U.S. BUSINESS

AVIATION

Round 1 for Boeing

In a dingy temporary barracks along Washington's Constitution Avenue, a team of 210 Government experts has for twelve weeks carefully studied competing proposals for a U.S. supersonic airliner. The nation's ten long-range airlines also pored over the three tons of material submitted by three planemakers (Lockheed, North American and Boeing) and three enginemakers (G.E., United Aircraft and Curtiss-Wright), and made their own recommendations to the Government experts. Taking all this into account, the Federal Aviation Agency team last week made its report to Administrator Najeeb Halaby, who this week is scheduled to present to President Johnson future plans for the nation's supersonic program.

Winning by a Wing. The FAA report rates Boeing's design first, but places Lockheed's a close second. North American finished out of the money. The experts' recommendations correspond closely to the airlines' choice. With the exception of Continental, which initially chose Lockheed first and North American second, the airlines picked Boeing first—but insisted that they nonetheless want Lockheed to continue in the competition. Boeing's design embodies a "variable sweep" wing that can be extended for takeoffs and landings and tucked back for supersonic flight. Because this is such a revolutionary wing arrangement, the airlines want to be able to fall back on Lockheed's conventional delta-wing design should the Boeing design prove too difficult.

The prestige generated by Lockheed's high-flying A-11 certainly helped to

keep the company in the race, and clearly gave it the edge over North American, which also submitted a delta-wing design. But when it came to the engines that will power the SST, the choice was considerably less clear. The FAA experts favor the G.E. power plant, but most of the airlines like the United Aircraft engine best; both are fairly conventional jet engines with extremely high thrust. Some lines, notably National, opted for the Curtiss-Wright design, which is the most advanced of the three; it features a porous turbine blade that will be cooled by the passage of air through it.

Halaby originally hoped to select a planemaker and enginemaker by May 1, but the recommendations of his staff will probably compel him to extend the competition for another year. During this time no prototypes will be built, but each contestant will produce more detailed studies to enable the FAA and the airlines to make a final choice. Though the extension may delay the date when an American SST enters commercial service to 1973, two years later than the already abuilding Anglo-French Concorde, most U.S. aviation experts feel that the additional study will help avoid costly mistakes.

Dragging Dollars. The financial side of the supersonic is dragging even more. To give it some lift, President Johnson has appointed a seven-man board of directors, including former World Bank President Eugene Black and Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon, to advise him. The Government originally planned to put up 75% of the supersonic's estimated \$1 billion development cost, but Black has recommended a costlier 90 to 10 split with the manufacturers.

Even at that, the manufacturers are showing a disturbing reluctance to assume financial responsibility. This attitude angers Congress, which has already appropriated \$60 million for studies but now refuses to authorize a cent more until the companies agree to carry part of the load. In Washington the word is out that the companies must display a more venturesome attitude before Congress agrees to finance the U.S. into the age of supersonic travel.



VARIABLE SWEEP WING



LOCKHEED'S ARTICULATED NOSE

Reluctance to contribute 10%.



SUPERMARKET MEAT COUNTER IN DENVER
Disdain for 59¢ stew meat.

FOOD

Beefs About Beef

The average American this year will eat 170 lbs. of red meat, and the typical family will spend at least 5% of its income to buy it. These superlatives—no nation eats or spends more—somehow do not make housewives and wage earners as happy as they should, and for good reason: the average price of a pound of choice beef, which seems to be what most Americans buy, is 81¢ a lb., 68¢ ten years ago.

Prices in general have gone up since then, of course, but meat presents a special paradox. While its price has stayed high, the amount the rancher gets for beef cattle has been falling, is now the lowest since 1956. Last week no less a cattleman—and consumer—than Lyndon Johnson asked Congress to unravel the paradox by appointing a 15-member national commission on food to investigate food prices, particularly those of beef.

What bothers Johnson and many another beefeater is that meat prices remain high even though distribution techniques have radically improved. Once, all cattle were trucked to feed lots for fattening, sold at stockyards, slaughtered, wholesaled and finally retailed—and each middleman sent the price a bit higher. Today, 110 supermarket chains sell almost 50% of all the meat eaten in the U.S. Some operate their own feed lots and slaughterhouses; the rest buy in bulk at favorable prices. By all the laws of economics and common sense, beef prices should be falling.

Market Barons. While the cattlemen's share of the average price per pound of beef has dipped to a six-year low of 45.3¢, the retailers' share has steadily increased to a record high of 24.9¢. Cattlemen blame this disparity on what they angrily call "supermarket barons." In fact, supermarkets buy in such large volume that they are practically able to



CHRYSLER'S BARRACUDA
Developing pizzazz.

name their own price for beef on the hoof. Says John Fryer, research director of the 75,000-member meat packers' union: "If the A. & P. comes to Swift and says, 'We want a million pounds of wieners at 10¢ a pound' and Swift says 'No,' then A. & P. takes its order elsewhere." Such critics insist that the large chains ought to be able to pass such savings on to the customer.

The chains, on the other hand, maintain that they enjoy no substantial savings. For one thing, their share of the retail price of beef must pay for rising labor costs (\$3.57 an hour for male cutters, \$2.91 for women wrappers) and for the increased cost of handling, cutting and wrapping, which amounts to 9¢ a lb. Moreover, many housewives no longer will buy cheap cuts of meat, preferring to buy steaks that they can throw on the broiler rather than a 59¢-per-lb. portion of stew meat that needs to be cooked most of the day. Since there are fewer prime cuts, the demand tends to drive up the price, and keep it high.

Traditional Step. The Johnson Administration can do little to lower retail prices, but it will try to close part of the gap between them and livestock prices, as a starter has ordered more beef served in school lunch programs and more distributed to needy families. Cattleman meanwhile are taking a traditional step toward the same end: an estimated 2,000,000 head are being held back from market. But a paradox lies here too. Bad weather or economic pinches could force cattlemen to dump the held-back cattle, thus tumbling prices even lower than they are.

AUTOS

Fastback Coming Back Fast

The fast back, a roofline that continues down an auto's back in one unbroken convex curve, was abandoned by Detroit in the late 1940s in favor of the greenhouse roof, the sloping L-shape that was later refined by Ford into the much-copied T-Bird roof, a trim, knife-edged affair with angular lines. But for two years auto stylists have slowly been reviving the fastback on some sports models, and this year and next the curve will continue its

comeback in at least three Detroit offerings. Last week Chrysler introduced the first of the new fastbacks, the Barracuda, whose startlingly different appearance is caused by a huge (14.4 sq. ft.), sloping rear window—"backlight," in Detroit jargon.

The Barracuda is really a redesigned Valiant, and Chrysler rushed it out in time to run against Ford's new and handsome Mustang sports car, soon to be introduced. The Barracuda, which cost only \$5,000,000 to \$8,000,000 to develop v. \$50-\$60 million for the Mustang, will not be marketed as a "new" car, will be priced from about \$2,400. It represents perhaps the ultimate development of the pizzazz phenomenon that has gripped Detroit since 1962. Its radically different roof not only offers a sportier look than the Valiant, but the car has as standard equipment many of the optional features, such as bucket seats, that buyers have been clamoring to pay extra money for. Another necessary dividend: the Barracuda's huge window is tinted to prevent its back-seat passengers from frying in the sun.

CORPORATIONS

Splitting with Pride

Corporations have many ways to demonstrate strength, from capital expansion to dividend increases, but the stock split is becoming one of the most popular. During all of last year, 43 companies listed on the New York Stock Exchange split their stock, exchanging each share for two or more new ones whose total value equaled the original. In 1964's first quarter alone, 43 Big Board companies have done the split, including RCA, Pan American, Campbell Soup and A.T. & T.,* whose 2-for-1 split next month will be the biggest division of stock in history. Last week Caterpillar Tractor and May Department Stores joined the march by proposing 2-for-1 splits. It looks like a big year in Splitsville.

Move on the Rise. To the sharp eyes of Wall Street, any company with steadily rising earnings and a stock

price ranging upwards of \$75 per share is ripe for a split. On the Big Board today at least 50 companies fill these specifications, among them Du Pont, Eastman Kodak, G.E., Jersey Standard and Corning Glass. As the stock market continues to rise, even more companies will become split candidates. While splits in themselves do not give a stockholder any more than he already has, Wall Streeters love them because they usually represent a management declaration of confidence that very often edges the stock price upward.

Corporations try to make sure that their stock will climb from the split level by declaring the move, when possible, during a bull market. They also help the stock to move by splitting it to a price that will attract buyers. RCA was selling in the high 90s when its directors were debating a split; they settled for a 3-for-1 division that brought the price per new share down to the 30s—the range at which many experts believe that the public is most attracted to a stock. Other companies feel that for prestige purposes their stock should sell at a higher price, and in this case might split only 2 for 1. Ideally, the dividend should be raised at the same time. "If the dividend is halved on each share in a 2-for-1 split," says RCA Executive Vice President Robert L. Werner, "the split is meaningless."

A Few More Tons. With their stock cheaper and more plentiful after a split, most companies usually find themselves with more stockholders. They like this because widely scattered ownership gives more stability to the stock price and allows it to reflect the company's earnings performance more precisely, rather than to flutter at every new headline. In addition, a split gives the company a wider base on which to draw for new capital. A.T. & T. is raising \$1.2 billion by giving its 2,250,000 stockholders the right to buy additional shares of its common stock at a special price. Such companies as General Motors and RCA, which have many consumer products to sell, like lots of stockholders because shareowners are likely to become customers as well. Even Youngstown Sheet & Tube gave this factor consideration in its recent 3-for-1 split. "Stockholders have a stake in the company," says President Alfred S. Glossbrenner, "and we would suppose that they may try to help us sell a few more tons of steel here and there."

The only time anyone ever cries over split stock is when it is a reverse split—one share exchanged for several that the stockholder holds. This is regarded as a management effort to raise the market value by cutting the number of outstanding shares, but it often has the opposite effect. The public, seeing it as an admission that the price cannot be brought up in any other way, usually shrinks such stock.

Another time to be skeptical, warns

* And TIME Inc. whose three-for-one split was proposed in February.

YOU WOULD LIKE IT IN THE NORTHERN PLAINS: MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

The Tyrone Guthrie Theatre and its Minnesota Theatre Company are shining examples of what kind of city Minneapolis is. After its first season, it is already considered one of America's outstanding repertory theatres. This demand for excellence and progress typifies Minneapolis. It's one good reason Minneapolis is one of the fastest growing industrial areas in the country. With a spirit of progress, forward-looking community leaders, an ample labor supply and abundant natural gas supplied by the Minneapolis Gas Company, Minneapolis offers any business great opportunity. For information about plant location opportunities in Minneapolis, write the Area Development Department, Northern Natural Gas Company, Omaha, Nebraska.



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CONNECTICUT GENERAL 

San Francisco Investment Banker Claude N. Rosenberg Jr., is when a stock selling at \$10 to \$20 splits. "This smells of promotion," he says, "because there is really no reason to bring a stock down in price from these levels." Almost all stockbrokers agree that no one should buy a stock just because it is being split. The reliable formula is still to consider only what the real value of the company is.

MERCHANDISING

The Rise of the Cheapies

With the largest auto population in the world, the U.S. travels on rubber—and each wheel means a sale for some tire manufacturer. The fight to make that sale has led to one of the biggest price wars in years. The main weapon in the war is a new, low-priced tire known in the trade as a "cheapie," which sells for as little as \$6.95 a, about \$25 for a standard quality name-brand tire. The stakes are big: the tire industry sells some \$3 billion worth of tires a year. The contestants are many: more than 115 brands of tire are now on the market. The tire price war has grown so fierce that it is about to be debated in Congress, where a bill will be introduced to establish federal controls to ensure standardized quality and labeling for U.S.-made tires.

The war really began when dozens of big non-rubber companies, ranging from discount merchants (Korvette and White Front) to department stores (Macy and May), decided to invade the lucrative field with their own cheaper private brands—and thus revolutionized the staid tire business. Detroit still equips its new cars with name-brand tires, but two out of every five replacements now bought in the U.S. are private brands.

Instead of resisting the trend, the nation's five major tiremakers decided to join it, and now produce most of the cheapies themselves, often unknown to the buyers. U.S. Rubber, one of the biggest, makes such tires as Flying A, Atlas and Davis in addition to its prestigious U.S. Royals. Goodrich makes and markets Vanderbilts and Diamonds; Firestone makes Dayton and Cities Service; and Goodyear has just won the contract to make Foremost tires for J. C. Penney, which recently entered the auto-supply field.

Private brands generally cost from 30% to 50% less than name brands. They contain less rubber, have thinner treads and inner cores of lower-grade material, and are generally built to less demanding specifications. Are the cheapies safe? The tire manufacturers insist that they are—so long as they are used only for driving about town at moderate speeds and not on constant or long highway trips. Alabama's Democratic Congressman Kenneth Roberts, who is sponsoring the tire bill in Congress, is afraid that most tire buyers do not know this. He wants a law that will make companies say why a cheapie is so cheap.

PERSONALITIES

ONE reason that Westinghouse earnings have remained low despite rising sales (now past \$2 billion) is the top-heavy number of white collars on the electronics giant's payroll. No one saw the situation more clearly than sharp-eyed Donald C. Burnham, 49, a "productivity engineer" who was lured away from General Motors to overhaul Westinghouse production lines—and did his job so well that he was named president last July. To symbolize his economy-minded approach, he refused a presidential Cadillac in favor of his own Corvair; more significantly, Burnham centralized such operations as marketing, planning and styling, and eliminated more than 3,000 jobs. Last week, after stockholders at the annual meeting complained again about the management oversupply, Westinghouse announced the most dramatic fat-trim so far. Both Chairman Gwilym A. Price, 68, and Vice Chairman John K. Hodnette, 62, will retire. Taking over their duties—at a salary saving to the company of \$288,100 annually—will be Donald Burnham.



EDWARD CARLSON



DONALD BURNHAM

UNLIKE larger Hilton and Sheraton, third-ranking Western International Hotels Corp. carefully avoids the look and name of a chain in its 42 hotels; it prefers to let such homey hospices as San Francisco's St. Francis, Seattle's Olympic and the Broadmoor in Colorado Springs breathe with individual atmosphere. But to make sure that efficiency and profits stay up while the chain concept is played down, Seattle-based President Edward E. Carlson, 52, works mostly on the road, usually as his own guest. Carlson started 35 years ago as a pageboy, worked his way from front desk to executive office. He took time out as president to run the successful Seattle World's Fair, but now is busier than ever inspecting new sites and blueprints for his growing network. Last week he was in Detroit to check out with Architect Minoru Yamasaki the designs for the 800-room Century Plaza that Western will open in Los Angeles next year. Carlson is also moving Western into Mexico and Canada, has just ordered a study for developing 1,000 acres of estate lands on Hawaii, later plans other hotels in Japan.

TITLEIST



16TH STRAIGHT YEAR AS OVERWHELMING FAVORITE ON THE WINTER TOUR

TOURNAMENT RECORD

Tournament	Playing Titleist	Nearest Competitor Ball
LOS ANGELES	29	28
SAN JITO	40	24
BANDAMBA	38	28
LUCKY OPEN	38	24
LAKEVIEW	38	24
PAIDERS	38	24
TUCSON OPEN	38	24
PGA SENIORS	29	24
NEW ORLEANS	38	24
PHOENIX	38	24
ST. PETERSBURG	38	24
TOTAL	1079	353

AND REMEMBER:

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WORLD BUSINESS

ENTREPRENEURS

Exporting the Dream

The man who has scraped up enough money and courage to start his own business is still very much part of the American dream. In a day when U.S. big business is successfully exporting its machines and methods abroad, smaller American entrepreneurs are also exporting that dream. In Europe, South-east Asia, Latin America, even Africa, hundreds of Americans—who often get their first business ideas while traveling as tourists—are setting up every sort of business from popcorn stands to advertising agencies.

Most of the expatriate entrepreneurs draw on ideas that have already proved successful in the U.S., but have yet to catch on or are just catching on elsewhere: self-service laundries, bowling alleys, drive-in car washes, quick shoe-repair shops. But the task of setting up a small business in a strange country is far tougher than setting up one in the U.S., where the failure rate is high enough even without the resentment from foreign competitors that the American abroad often faces. Nonetheless, the appeal of setting up business overseas is undeniable. Says Peter Pach, who went to Italy to break into opera as a basso and stayed to set up an auto dealership catering to tourists in Rome: "In Italy, I have a somewhat unique position. In America, I would be just another car dealer."

Washday Rolls. The first problem is getting seed capital. American banks are usually not interested in helping, and foreign bankers tend to shun the little man in favor of big companies. Many beginners have to scrape deep to supply their own capital; others are forced to borrow on a short-term basis at interest rates that range from 18% to 25%. These charges, plus high import duties on American-made equipment, make many foreign ventures much more

expensive to set up than similar ones in the U.S.

Oklahoman Charles D. Whitwill had to beg and borrow to raise nearly \$50,000 three years ago to open the first round-the-clock coin-operated laundry in Paris, at ten times what it would have cost him in the U.S.; then he had to educate French housewives in how to use it. Now his machines are coining profits for him 24 hours a day, and one member of Paris *haute société* sends her maid with the family wash in a chauffeured Rolls-Royce. When Chemical Engineer Frank Manley, 32, and his wife fell in love with life in Laos, he sold their return airline tickets to set up a travel agency. Now, three years later, he has a thriving agency, sells Kodak cameras and International Harvester tractors on the side.

Scoring Strikes. Frank Gordon, a G.I. who stayed on in Germany to work for Radio Free Europe, began looking for his own business in 1957. "My idea was that America was 15 years ahead of Germany, and all I had to do was to find an American idea and tailor it to fit the German mentality." Result: he and Partner Leo Horrigan settled upon their own Musik für Millionen, which pipes soothing background music into offices, bars, hotels and stores in six German cities. Three young Americans—Cecil Altmann, Robert S. Mackay, and John F. Herminghaus—pooled their savings and borrowed from their families to score strikes with bowling alleys in Berlin, Munich and Milan. Last winter opened a ski slope in Berlin that uses man-made snow.

Though opportunities vary widely, they can be found on every continent. Frank Rizzo, 60, found his niche in Tokyo, where he now inspects and certifies Japanese imports and exports to protect buyers and sellers against fu-

ture damage claims. George T. Parham, 62, left North Carolina for Southern Rhodesia as a leaf buyer for British-American Tobacco, stayed on to establish one of the world's largest tobacco auctions. Ex-Navyman Phillip Gordon, 44, arrived in Southern Rhodesia with a Jeep and \$500 in 1949, is now one of the wealthiest men in British Central Africa; he has built two housing developments, owns a furniture factory, a construction business and operates a gold mine. Lawrence A. Hantz, 54, sold his successful Milwaukee insurance agency ten years ago to take his arthritic wife to the milder climate of Salisbury, also in Southern Rhodesia. They longed for a U.S.-style motel to stay in, so he built his own: a 28-room luxury motel on 100 acres of virgin veldt nine miles outside the city.

Tangled Tape. Most of the transplanted U.S. entrepreneurs do not claim to be making huge profits, and for all their love of the life they lead, many complain bitterly about the tangle of bureaucratic red tape and the unintelligible tax laws. German bureaucrats "sit in their little chairs and become little kings," says Expatriate Charles Immler, who runs a small office-cleaning business. "All the Germans bow to them, but I am not one who likes to scrape and bow." In Latin America, some expatriate Americans find that bill paying is as casual as the climate.

Few countries are more frustrating for a resolutely American mind than Italy. Francis Mayers, a onetime freelance writer from New York, was serving more than a hundred clients with a telephone-answering service when he was suddenly ordered to stop by the government-owned telephone monopoly. It made no difference, he was told, that the government did not offer such a service. Now Mayers is on his second business honeymoon, renting office space—complete with secretaries and business machines—to other small firms in Rome.



PARIS LAUNDROMATEUR WHITWILL

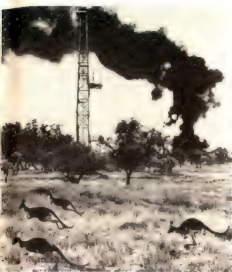


BERLIN MUSICIERS HERRIGAN & GORDON

Popping up with popcorn, drive-ins and man-made ski slopes.



RHODESIAN AUCTIONEER PARHAM



KANGAROOS FLEEING GAS BURN-OFF
The aborigines are also amazed.

AUSTRALIA

Oil in the Bush

Oil-hungry Australia spends more than \$250 million a year to import petroleum, an outlay that hardly pleases its export-minded government. Alarmed by this drain, Australia began subsidizing oil exploration six years ago, has since spent more than \$45 million sending drill and rig out across its vast uncharted continent, often to the amazement of its aborigines and the terror of its kangaroos. More than 100 companies and syndicates now hold permits to look for oil in Australia. Such firms as Union Oil of California, Shell, Texaco, Delhi-Taylor and Kern County Land have so far drilled more than 700 wells, and four months ago Jersey Standard set up Esso Exploration Australia as a preliminary to joining the hunt. Last week two other big U.S. oil companies, Sun Oil and Continental Oil, entered the search, establishing a venture called Australian Sun Oil Co.

Though many geologists are convinced that Australia's substratum contains plentiful oil, the continent has so far had only one big strike; it came 2½ years ago in the Moonie fields of Queensland, where a consortium of Union, Kern County and Australian Oil & Gas hit a field that is expected to produce up to 10,000 bbl. per day this year. Actually, the searchers have lately been finding a great deal more natural gas than oil. Gas finds have been made in western Victoria, New South Wales and in South Australia. A combine made up of Delhi-Taylor and Santos, Ltd. has struck two wells 500 miles north of Adelaide with a potential flow of 30 million cu. ft. per day, and last week the Australian-owned Associated Group struck its 21st gas well in the Roma region of Queensland. Associated is already talking of a 280-mile pipeline to carry gas to Brisbane's burgeoning and power-hungry

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industry, and of a petrochemical complex for making products that could range from fertilizer to plastics.

The main prize, of course, is still oil, and the gas strikes have convinced Australian oilmen that it is there, since oil is often found in the ground beneath gas pockets. The only sour note comes from Australia's coal industry, which is afraid that oil and gas would steal its market for generating power. Plentiful petroleum, warns Australian Coal Association Chairman Sir Edward E. Warren, could "destroy the indigenous coal industry on which whole communities depend." The complaint puts some politicians in the unusual position of refereeing a fight between coal and oil before an oil industry even exists.

WEST GERMANY

Denationalizing

Nationalization seems to be the fad from Italy to Indonesia, but not in Ludwig Erhard's free-enterprising West Germany. While it is still highly nationalized, West Germany is getting rid of state-owned industry as quickly as possible. Under Erhard's orders, the Ministry for Federal Property, which oversees nationalized companies, is getting ready to sell off the state-owned Vereinigte Elektrizitäts und Bergwerks (VEBA), a coal, chemicals and electric power giant with annual sales of \$875 million.

German nationalization began with Bismarck, continued through the Weimar Republic and reached its climax in the Third Reich, which organized such huge enterprises as Volkswagen and the Salzgitter steelmaking complex to equip the army. Not a single firm has been nationalized since the war under the Christian Democrats. But still left over from the old days is a \$2.5 billion government stake in companies that account for 40% of West Germany's iron ore production, 70% of aluminum, 60% of electricity and 80% of soft coal. In 1959 the government finally sold off to 216,000 German buyers an 84% interest in Preussag, a huge mining and oil company. In 1961 another 1,500,000 Germans bought shares representing 60% of Volkswagen. Though it prefers this spreading of share ownership, known as *Volksaktien* or "peoples' shares," the government has also sold several dozen small companies to private firms.

Even after VEBA is disposed of by a stock sale to the public, the *Volksaktien* program pushed by Erhard will still have a long way to go. Not including such properties as Lufthansa airlines, the state railways and harbor facilities, in which the government intends to retain an interest, 250 industrial companies remain to be sold. Still, peoples' shares have come quite a way in Germany: only six years ago a survey showed that 40% of the population had no idea what stocks were and 83% had never heard of dividends.

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This is Olin Library at Washington University, St. Louis, where clear walls of *Parallel-O-Plate* Glass, made by Libbey Owens Ford extend a warm invitation to come inside and read awhile. Architects: Murphy and Mackey, Inc., St. Louis

How to open young minds Pry them open gently . . . with books.

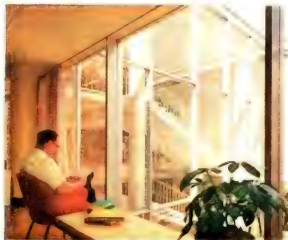
It's a painless operation at Washington University's Olin Library. The "Open World" design of this building—with its high, wide walls of *Parallel-O-Plate*® Glass—helps make each passing hour as pleasant as it is rewarding. Wherever you go today, you can enjoy Open World architecture. Glass makes it possible. L·O·F makes it practical. And L·O·F Glass Distributors make it available everywhere.



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A student studies in the natural light of a huge window glazed with *Parallel-O-Plate* Glass.



You can see the bench-lined court from all four glass-walled floors of the library.

There are two ways to get soft water.
Culligan recommends one of them.*



*The one on the right

We usually agree that we're prejudiced when it comes to soft water. Not in this case. It is obvious that this attractive young homemaker already knows that rain-soft water is more desirable than ordinary hard water. Thus, the only remaining issue is choosing up sides for the most efficient, practical, economical way to get it. We recommend Culligan. Unhesitatingly. A Culligan appliance will provide an *unlimited* supply of clear, fresh, filtered, sparkling soft water from every faucet in your home—automatically. For bathing. Laundering. Dishes. Shampooing. Cooking. So call and say "Hey Culligan Man!" Or even "Hey One-On-The-Right!" Either way will bring rain. The easy way.



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Once More Unto the Breach

From Russia with Love. Ian Fleming is the late late late show of literature. Perused at the witching hour, the violent adventures and immoderate amours of James Bond. Agent 007 of the British Secret Service, seem as normal as Ovaltine—and rather more narcotic. Shown on screen, they are apt to seem absurd. *Doctor No*, the first of Fleming's novels to be filmed, was shot as a straight thriller, but most spectators took it as a travesty and had a belly laugh. The reaction was not lost on Director Terence Young. *From Russia*, his second treatment of a Fleming fiction, is an intentional heehaw at whodunits, an uproarious parody that may become a classic of caricature.

"Once more unto the breach, dear friends," the hero (Sean Connery) announces as the story begins. He means, somebody hastens to explain, a breach of Soviet security: a libidinous Russian cipher clerk (Daniela Bianchi), who has somehow heard of Bond's charms, informs the British Secret Service that for one night with him she'll do anything—like turn over the latest Soviet-cipher machine. Obviously a trap, but Hero Bond steps into it as casually as he steps into his rep silk undershorts.

The lovers meet in Istanbul. He wears a hand towel, and she is covered by his automatic. "You're beautiful," he mutters. "Some people think my mouth is too big," she pants in reply. "No," he assures her, "it's the right size—for me." Bang! A bomb explodes in the Russian consulate, and in the ensuing confusion Bond and his musky Russki escape with a cipher machine. But the end is not yet. In the next hour or so, 007 is slugged by a phony British agent, bombed by a passing helicopter, pursued by an avalanche of rats, and drop-kicked by a homicidal charlady (Lotte Lenya) with a poisoned dagger planted in the toe of her terribly sensible shoes.

All this is marvelously exciting. Di-



CONNERY & BIANCHI IN "FROM RUSSIA"
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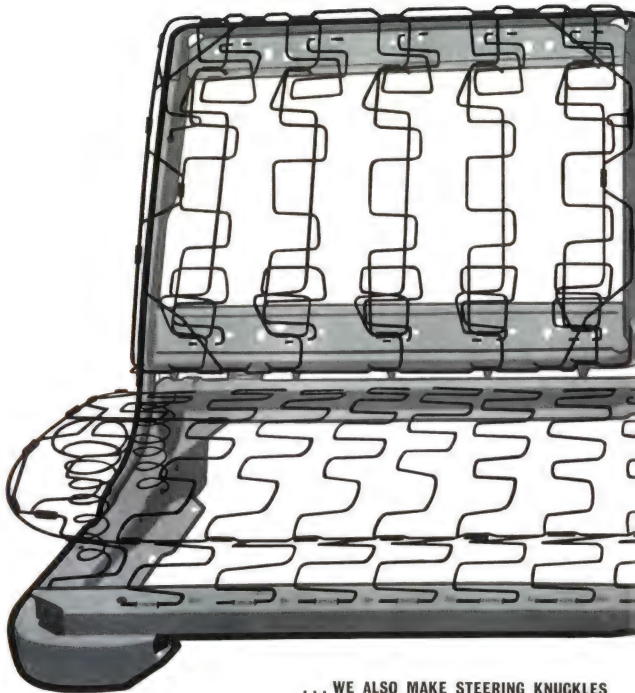
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J. & A. C. VAN ROSSEM—ROTTERDAM, HOLLAND

rector Young is a master of the form he ridicules, and in almost every episode he hands the audience shocks as well as yocks. But the yocks are more memorable. They result from slight but sly infractions of the thriller formula. A Russian agent, for instance, does not simply escape through a window; no, he escapes through a window in a brick wall painted with a colossal poster portrait of Anita Ekberg, and as he crawls out of the window, he seems to be crawling out of Anita's mouth. Or again, Bond does not simply train a telescope on the Russian consulate and hope he can read somebody's lips; no, he makes his way laboriously into a gallery beneath the joint, runs a submarine periscope up through the walls, and there, at close range, inspects two important Soviet secrets: the heroine's legs.

Sophisticated? Well, not really. But fast, smart, shrewdly directed and capably performed. And though the film will scarcely eradicate the sex and violence that enumber contemporary movies, it may at least persuade producers that sick subjects may be profitably proffered with a healthy laugh.

Old Hat in the Ring

The Best Man is Gore Vidal's behind-the-scenes melodrama about the in-fighting at a national political convention. A tantalizing game of who's who, peopled with characters who were composites of men in public life, the play bounced onto Broadway four years ago, timed for the 1960 elections. The 1964 movie version tries to be similarly topical, but the prototypes don't match any now around. Some of the dialogue still sizzles, but the effort to freshen it with references to integration only points up how out of date the Eisenhower-Nixon-Stevenson jokes are.

A more serious flaw lies in the film's slick casting. Lee Tracy delivers *Man's* best performance, repeating his stage role as a former President, a tough old war horse who is dying of cancer but savors a final taste of power as two party hopefuls battle to win his support. "There is nothing like a dirty, lowdown political fight to put the roses in your cheeks," snaps Tracy with cantankerous glee. The candidates before him are Cliff Robertson, a cutthroat crusader who adapts his convictions to the latest Gallup surveys, and Henry Fonda, the idealistic egghead. Fonda lacks the cheek, magnetism, and driving ambition to make his bid for high office seem more than perfunctory. Thus when Robertson threatens to release a medical report showing that Fonda once had a mental breakdown and is a habitual philanderer, it is obvious that Fonda will be too decent to retaliate by bringing up Robertson's own involvement in an Army homosexual scandal.

Director Franklin Schaffner further dissipates the film's climactic confrontation scene with Robertson's old Army buddy, letting TV Comic Shelley Ber-



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And if you should say hello to a farmer going to Tipperary Town to sell his sheep, you may, by the time you say goodbye, think he is going to Killarney to buy a cow. (If he thinks you're a tax collector, you may not learn even that much.) In encounters of this sort, you may be exaggerated to, even misled a bit. But in the important matters, the dealing of one man with another, the Irish imagination disappears.

When the time comes for the money to actually change hands, even if you don't know a Salmon (an Irish coin worth two shillings) from a Hen With A Brood (one worth a penny), the Irish tradesman, clerk and innkeeper will give you an honest count.

This is a matter of some pride with us. As a testimony to it, we boast some of the emptiest jails in the world. (As further testimony, even the Gaelic name for the Civic Guard, "Garda Siochana," translates literally as "Guardians of

Tranquility".) And those of us who do enjoy the hospitality of the Garda Siochana from time to time may be there solely because of an understandable affection for Irish whiskey. Which, by the way, can be had for a mere 32¢, nicely tumbled, and on the rocks, at the Long Hall pub in Dublin. (And at 50,000 other pubs about.)

Very different from the public-house pleasures of the Long Hall pub are the private-house pleasures of the long-walled Castle Dromoland. Here, if you've \$40.00 to spend for a day, and the right attitude, you can live cosseted and cozy as an Irish lord, with a thousand acres for front yard and back yard. Here you can fish in a lake where Lord Inchiquin fished after he inherited the castle from the O'Briens. And breakfast cozily in bed in a stone-walled bedroom where an O'Brien once bedded. (An O'Brien descended directly from our brave Brian-Boru, who, in 1014, beat the Danes out of Dublin.)

But if \$40.00 a day seems a bit much, \$20.00 a day will take care of all your expenses, including hotel, on a trip through western Ireland packaged by the Shannon tourist people. It includes a fifteenth century banquet at Bunratty Castle, where you'll listen to medieval minstrelsy and dine on such as Vegetable Brose, pull'd fowl, Salamagundy and Everlasting Syllabubs.

Not too far away, you might find a little old Irish lady, who thinks a body

should never go out without an inch of cable-knit wool between him and the wind, to knit you a great polar bear of a sweater for about \$14.00. In the States, if you could find a little old lady with enough patience to knit you such a sweater, it would cost you at least \$45.00. Not to be outdone, there's a little old man at T. Barry & Sons, Dublin, who thinks a body should never put his feet to earth without their being covered by handmade shoes, which he will earnestly make to your measure for \$29.50.

Do remember though, that there is more to Ireland than Blarney and Barmore. As Irish author John D. Sheridan has said, "To see us at our happiest and best, meet us when the day's work is done and we are sitting on the bridge at the end of town. This is when the talk is tinged with poetry. It is at this, at the quietest moment of the day—and not only when we are changing your cheques or selling you petrol—that we would like you to join us and to judge us."

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FONDA & SUPPORTERS IN "BEST MAN"
A low bid for high places.

man play the role mostly for laughs. Appearances by Edie Adams, Negro Singer Mahalia Jackson, Commentators Howard K. Smith and John Henry Faulk, and Vidal himself (as a Senator) range from agreeable to irrelevant. Margaret Leighton, at loose ends in a truncated role as Fonda's wife, somehow suggests that she is running for the throne of England.

Foul Play in the Forum

The Fall of the Roman Empire. Chopped into five or six half-hour parts, this movie could serve for that all but vanished art form, the Saturday afternoon serial. It might not top *Tarzan of the Apes*, but as a *Child's Garden of Gibbon* it obstreperously fills the bill. There are poisonings, chariot races, hairbreadth escapes, and slaughtered barbarians enough to satisfy the most bloodthirsty ten-year-old.

More discriminating moviegoers will see at once that this 2nd century Rome is really that special, insular world of the cinema spectacular, a *mise en scène* now as familiar as Main Street. Producer Samuel Bronston constructed a mammoth Roman fortress and filled 250 acres of a Spanish plain with a full-scale reproduction of the Roman Forum as it existed circa A.D. 180. Bronston's Rome is patently too fabulous to have been built in a day, but it doesn't look lived-in either. Director Anthony Mann makes it a picture-book setting aswarm with extras behaving like extras and movie stars all dressed up to face posterity in spanking new tunics, togas and armor. Among the luminaries are Sophia Loren, Stephen Boyd, Alec Guinness, Christopher Plummer, James Mason and Omar Sharif.

In his monumental history, Gibbon described the decline of Rome as "the natural and inevitable effect of immoderate greatness." To this fifth of the Bronston spectacles (which include *55 Days at Peking* and *El Cid*), the same charge might be applied.

TIME, APRIL 10, 1964

PETER DAWSON SCOTCH

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EDWIN O'CONNOR
A maddening old age.

A Friend of Mine

I WAS DANCING by Edwin O'Connor.
242 pages. Atlantic-Little, Brown. \$4.75.

Early in his career, before he made a killing with his novel *The Last Hurrah*, Novelist Edwin O'Connor wrote occasional radio scripts. That fact may perhaps explain why O'Connor's latest book has such a familiar ring. *I Was Dancing* sounds like nothing so much as a discarded sequence from "Allen's Alley."

O'Connor's hero is a gabby old stage Irishman named Daniel Considine. A former professional hoofer, he turns up suddenly one night at the home of his son in an unnamed city that is quite obviously meant to be Boston. Daniel has not seen or thought about his son in some 20 years, but he settles down in an upstairs bedroom to live out what promises to be a long and maddening old age. In the early hours of the morning, before anybody else is astir, he can be heard shuffling through an old dance routine and quavering out the opening lines of his theme song:

*I'll tell you who's a friend of mine—
It's Waltzing Daniel Considine!*

Daniel's son regards his father with an eye as cold as a Boston cod. Encouraged by his wife, he decides to pack the old man off to a Catholic rest home, Saint Vincent's Smiling Valley. Such plot as *I Was Dancing* has is concerned with Daniel's infinitely crafty efforts to discourage his son and to remain on in the house as a nonpaying guest. But Novelist O'Connor is less interested in plot than in the smoky tang of Irish talk and in the embalmment of a cast of characters as stereotyped as Mrs. O'Leary's cow—Father McGovern, an octogenarian priest who rejoices fiercely every time a parishioner precedes him to the grave; Al Gottlieb, a Jewish businessman who prattles like a horseshoe-circuit comic.

Novelist O'Connor, who wrote *Danc-*

ing first as a play (it will be produced on Broadway in the fall), trots his characters on and off like the headliners in a vaudeville act. For the most part, Fred Allen did it better.

Density of the Past

KEEPERS OF THE HOUSE by Shirley Ann Grau. 309 pages. Knopf. \$4.95.

Because the label "feminine" has come to be attached to the stylistic spinsterism and tiny ironies of both sexes, there is a temptation to miscall the writing of Shirley Ann Grau masculine. It is not, although the author has no trouble bringing to stage center a male in whom there is no sense of Bernhardt cosetted as Hamlet.

In this third novel the author's calm view is womanly enough, but it is of a world in which men do command the center of the stage. The world is Southern: planting, shooting, politics. The narrator is Abigail Mason, a divorced heiress, who tells of her grandfather and her husband, two hard men who did not like each other. The grandfather, William Howland, lives as he pleases on vast timberlands owned by his ancestors since the War of 1812. He pleases, as it turns out, to take a Negro mistress after his wife's death and fathers several children by her.

In a Frank Yerby romance, such a situation would be accompanied by off-stage thunder and lightning. In Novelist Grau's story it makes quiet sense. So does the plot development—melodramatic only in synopsis. Abigail's husband goes into segregationist politics. Grandfather's open secret does not bother the voters—until an opponent discovers that he had not just taken his Negro girl for a mistress; he had married her. As outraged as any of his supporters at this breach in the code, Abi-



ERICH REMARQUE
A riotus of terror.

gail's husband does what he has to do; he leaves her, abandons his campaign, and leads a mob to burn Grandfather Howland's barn to the ground.

The reader is left with a flooding sense of the density of the past. This, and the knowledge of a vast land's dark extent, are what Shirley Ann Grau sets down uncommonly well.

Gnats in Amber

THE NIGHT IN LISBON by Erich Maria Remarque. 244 pages. Harcourt, Brace & World. \$4.95.

If he has done nothing else, Erich Remarque has given to modern fiction a new sort of nonhero—the nameless and rootless refugee who is forever on the run. In Remarque's new novel, the refugee goes by the name of Schwarz—but Schwarz, of course, is not his real name. He has taken the name and the identification papers of a dead man named Schwarz (who in turn had taken them from another dead man named Schwarz). The obvious implication of this hall-of-mirrors symbolism is that loss of identity is the chronic condition of modern man and that a single name will serve a generation.

The time is 1942. Two shell-shocked survivors of the Nazi terror meet in Lisbon and talk the night away. They are strangers, but they understand each other quickly because they have a common latter-day heritage "that was as much a part of German culture as Goethe and Schiller." They both know how to alter passports, how to dress inconspicuously to put off the police, how to conceal a vial of poison or perhaps a razor blade as a last remedy if they should fall into the hands of the Gestapo. The man named Schwarz describes a common enough European odyssey—the flight from Germany to Paris with his wife, internment in the early months of the war, escape and flight again across France until they are carried with the flood of human driftwood to a



SHIRLEY ANN GRAU
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RICHARD ANTON

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Two Great Growth Industries

Most people know all about the fantastic growth of the electronics industry. But how many realize that the growth rate of farming during the past decade was *twice* that of the G.N.P. (and how many know that America's oldest business is still our biggest?)

You also probably know that the number of farms has been declining. True. But are you aware that the average income of America's 3,700,000 farms is at another record high of \$14,000 a year, up 93% since 1950.

This business of agriculture, however, is far greater than the number of farms. Besides the 14,000,000 who live and/or work on farms, there are another 6,000,000 in the businesses that provide the \$29,000,000,000 worth of inputs farmers buy each year. (Farming is industry's biggest customer.) There are also millions of "stockholders" with substantial investments in farming. And countless banks and insurance companies who extend credit to farmers.

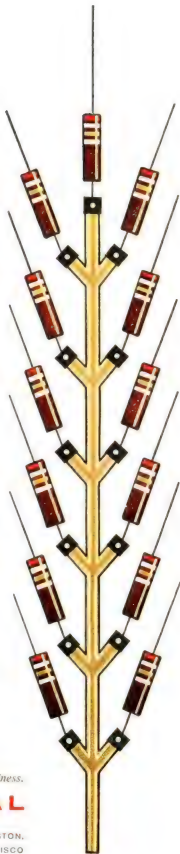
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last beach in Lisbon. There Schwarz's cancer-ridden wife commits suicide. To the fatalistic companion who has listened to Schwarz talk through the long night in Lisbon, the tale later seems reminiscent of an insect embalmed in a flat piece of amber—"the death struggle of a gnat, preserved in a cage of golden tears, while its fellows had frozen or been eaten, and vanished from the face of the earth."

The best and the worst of Remarque are in the book. His settings—hotels, restaurants, railway stations—have the gritty taste of reality, and no novelist is more adept at suggesting the rictus of terror that distorted the face of Europe as it slid nightmarishly into war. But Remarque's derelict vision of humanity allows little room for pity, and none at all for rage. "What has my life been?" asks Schwarz at the end. The man across the table replies with a shrug: "It was your life. Isn't that enough?" The question calls for an answer—which Novelist Remarque never supplies.

The Ills of Integrity

CHECKPOINT by Charles W. Thayer.
303 pp. Harper & Row. \$4.95.

Like many another weanling career diplomat, Charles Thayer knew Berlin before the war. Afterward, as Foreign Service officer, unofficial State Department troubleshooter and finally, journalist, he often went back. Now he has written an international spy thriller. To no one's surprise, the book is about a man who served in prewar Berlin as a weanling career diplomat and then, as a journalist and State Department troubleshooter, gets called back to help out during a Berlin Wall crisis.

Checkpoint reeks of authenticity. Some of it is just that of a competent journalist rendering the sights and sounds of Berlin today—the nightmarish rumble of U.S. tanks massing at dawn along the border, the frustrated rage of West Berlin student rioters, the strange claustrophobia of the beleaguered city, which extends even to the press of boats cluttering the Wannsee of a Sunday afternoon. More rare is Diplomatic Insider Thayer's ability to convey with tape-recorder fidelity imaginary encounters between U.S. diplomats and the Russians in the kind of baleful restricted bargaining that still sometimes takes place in the city.

Thriller writing, however, is a deceptively demanding craft. *Checkpoint's* dialogue sometimes creaks drably under a weight of exposition, and an attempt to rekindle ashes of the hero's old romance seems dusty indeed.

Ironically, however, what really ails the book is an excess of integrity. To work at all, a contemporary thriller must convince the reader that, beneath a thin shell of authentic background, all hell can and will break loose any minute. But Thayer is so faithful in rendering the Berlin situation of the near past that it is impossible to believe that



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NY21

ment. Just hungry for some how-to and what-for and why-not. The gnawing kind of need only a woman editor could fully understand. And of all the books in the service business only Woman's Day has one. She spreads her charisma over a greater ratio of editorial to advertising than anybody else in the field. She's a good reason why **Woman's Day works.**

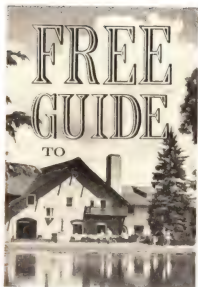


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CHARLES THAYER

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anything more than another standoff will result from the tense confrontation between U.S. and Russian forces that he creates as climax. It is all a little like reading a cliff-hanging account of the Battle of Jutland. Instructive—but unthrillingly predictable.

The Old Charnel Trail

SPAWN OF EVIL by Paul I. Wellman.
350 pages. Doubleday \$5.95.

Legend, song and the movies have portrayed the desperadoes of the U.S. frontier as Robin Hoods. This may have had some validity in the case of folk heroes like Jesse James and Billy the Kid, on whom the wide open plains imposed a certain gallantry. But in earlier days, when the West was still east of the Mississippi, the frontier spawned a group of brutal outlaws lauded in no song or story. They gouged out eyes, bit off noses, scalped, never robbed without murdering, casually shot women and children. They disposed of bodies by splitting them open, filling them with stones and dumping them in the river.

Exploring this neglected part of the U.S. frontier with the help of diaries and a somewhat perversely dramatic style, Paul Wellman, a novelist and historian of the West, has produced a lively account of a criminal empire which "exerted an influence of bale and woe for a full generation and held all of interior America in a web of terror."

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"Alarmed lest marathon jazz become a sport, authorities at Ithaca decreed that no undergraduate trying for a team could put his foot on the ballroom floor." TIME, May 12, 1929

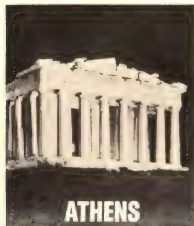
"An apparatus which produces sound and pictures simultaneously, invented by Dr. Lee de Forest, was successfully demonstrated." TIME, April 14, 1923

"Our fleets are led by the Magnificent Trix: Olympic, Homeric, world's largest ship, Majestic." TIME, May 12, 1929

From a Cunard Steamship Company (White Star Line) advertisement in TIME, May 5, 1923, the beginning of 35 years of Cunard advertising in TIME.



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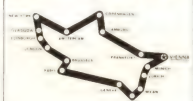
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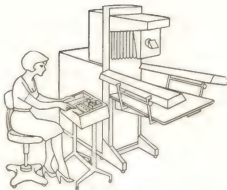
heaps of counterfeit coin; and an escape hatch in the rear. The cave, Wellman writes, was the "lair of the worst cutthroats, freebooters and gallows-birds this continent ever witnessed."

► Micajah and Wiley Harpe killed for the fun of it; they rarely made a profit. Followed by a retinue of three prostitutes and some offspring of indeterminate parentage, they roamed Tennessee and Kentucky murdering anybody who seemed defenseless: old peddlers, itinerant fiddlers, children, slaves. Hospitality especially infuriated them. When a woman gave them lodging for a night, they tomahawked a fellow lodger because he was snoring too loudly. They slit the throat of the woman's baby while pretending to rock it; finally, they knifed the woman.

Lumbering frontier justice eventually caught up with the Harpes. Wiley was hanged and Micajah was shot. While Micajah was dying, a man whose family had been wiped out by the Harpes slowly cut off his head with a knife. "You're a God-damned rough butcher," gurgled Micajah, "but cut on and be damned!"

► Billy Potts owned a tavern in Ford's Ferry, Ky. Its floor was covered with bloodstains; outside, the grounds were filled with shallow graves. Travelers who stayed overnight could not depend on getting up again next morning. Billy's son, a chip off the old block, was caught robbing by two farmers, was forced to leave the state. Years later he returned with a hefty bankroll and a beard. He decided to surprise the folks by not letting on who he was. Not recognizing him, Daddy cheerfully sank a knife into his back, fleeced him, and went to bed boasting to his wife. Next morning he learned his victim's identity from other outlaws. At least, Potts had the grace to shut down the tavern.

► John Murrell was educated, and thought big. The son of a prostitute, he was taught by Mama to rob her clients while she had them in bed. One day, Murrell robbed his mother and set out on his own. He became a slave snatcher. Pretending to be an Abolitionist, he talked slaves into running away with him, then sold them to another slaver. If the slave balked, Murrell killed him. At one point, Murrell spent a year in jail for horse stealing, where he was branded, whipped and pilloried. He came out determined to take his revenge on the whole South by fomenting a slave revolt—and getting some loot for himself during the fracas. He boasted: "I'll have the pleasure and honor of knowing that by my management I have glutted the earth with more human gore, and destroyed more property, than any other robber who has ever lived in America or in the known world." The uprising was scheduled for July 4, 1835. But the slaves, as well as Murrell, talked too much. The plot was discovered, and Murrell went to prison for ten years. When he came out, he was so broken he became a harmless blacksmith.



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The Rag Shop of the Heart

JUBB by Keith Waterhouse, 245 pages. Putnam, \$3.95.

Literally, Jubb is a voyeur, a fetishist and pyromaniac. By all odds, his doings should add up to nothing more than one more nasty little British shocker—unoriginal as sin, boring as politics and derivative as all get-out. Instead, it is a remarkably good book. Through some weird alchemy of talent and restraint, Novelist Waterhouse has transformed an outrageously raw case history into a recognizably human portrait.

Jubb is horribly shy. He keeps a stiff upper lip about his strange afflictions, even when his grimy world is coming apart. He has traditional British hobbies—serving on a Good Neighbours Club, writing Keep Britain Tidy letters to the local papers, collecting back num-

ALAN CLIFTON



KEITH WATERHOUSE

Beyond easy outrage.

bers of boys' magazines like *Gem* and *Magnet* through which he vicariously enjoys upper-class memories of "uncles with fivers, tuck shops, and inky fags." Acting as a rent collector in a shabby new housing development, he dreams of spending a week amid the iniquities of Hamburg's sex-riddled Reeperbahn. Yearning for some power to push him beyond compulsive peeping to the wilder shores of physical love, he finally cries out desperately: "There must be nymphomaniacs in the world. They do exist, they're not make up."

Poor crummy chap, Jubb can be looked on as a true scion of all British sexual repression. Just as handily, he can be seen as an underprivileged victim of the lingering class system.

But Writer Waterhouse has done his real work beyond easy symbolism and easier outrage, in the Dickensian world of created character. He is what a writer should be, no pamphleteer but a patient and compassionate exhibitor of the tender and grisly oddments that find themselves locked up, helter-skelter, in the strange rag-and-bone shop of the human heart.



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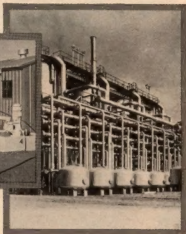
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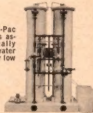
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